

# Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

VOL. XXV. NO. I.

TRENTON, N. J., OCTOBER, 1912.

5 CENTS A COPY

## The Ideal Summer Resort of the Middle West Deaf

By J. H. MacFARLANE



Chas. Thompson and wife in his Steam Launch



The only men on Lake Carlos.



SENTIMENTALIST has dubbed the charming town of Alexandria "The Heart of Minnesota." "Away off" ejaculates on this poetical designation the materialist to whom there is no paradise that cannot be located and bounded by geographical degrees and minutes. And when the pleasure seeker, starting from that populous center of the North Star State, the Twin Cities, where all railroads of the northwest radiate, has spent the best part of a day in reaching the town, he wearily admits that Alexandria is pretty far off. Then a vision of the "Beauty Spot" bids him lift up his head and he becomes more and more entranced with his surroundings until, on bowing a temporary good-bye, the delighted sojourner exclaims that Alexandria is not only the "heart of Minnesota" but also the very heart of nature.

"Amidst a hundred lakes" briefly tells the story of the focus of vacation dreams that lure the tourists from states as distant as Illinois and Ohio as well as from the middle-west. As becomes such a trysting place Alexandria is a model town. And why shouldn't it be? Hasn't it a preacher for mayor? And hasn't the mayor for his right-hand saloon raider the only deaf detective? Verily every day looks like Sunday in Alexandria, which accounts for the advice to take it as a rest cure."

In a place thus ordered grafters would simply starve, as it is evinced by the following episode: Three of us hit the town at lunch hour, with ravenous appetites that could not wait till we got to our base of supplies. So we dropped into the nearest restaurant, which was so suspiciously near the railroad station as to hint of the graft of the wheeled "diners." Yet we found the prices of good coffee and sandwiches normal and were persuaded to venture onto doughnuts. The latter evoked the question: "Did you make them yourself?" To which the old man who handed out the "grub" proudly put the reply on paper that we might not lose the beauty of it: "Those doughnuts are home maid." "We get your meaning," came back across the counter; show us the maid who made 'em. "The culinary artist, however, was too busy adjusting her end of the work to the law of supply and demand, so the best



N. A. Peterson,  
The "Only" Deaf Detective

her patrons could do was to carry off a day's supply of the doughnuts, which cost only fifteen cents!

But it is the setting of this gem of a town, the chain of beautiful lakes that encircle it, rather than the town itself, about which we are to tell. A glance at a map of the vicinity shows five of these lakes interlinked by canals, making a delightful afternoon's motor-boat ride, with ever-changing scenery. The largest of the charming group, Carlos, is about eight miles long and a mile wide. Much smaller, and in the eyes of the deaf, much prettier, not only as to its name, but also in its situation, lies the adjoining Lake Darling. On the choicest shore of this sheet of clear water, the north-east, is located what

the map terms the "Deaf and Dumb Club." Other clubs in the community, all of them "swell," may be interesting, but the most graceful feature of the map aside from the natural scenery itself is the camp of the deaf.

A cluster of artistic cottages, about seven in all, almost monopolize the sloping shore of the prettiest cove on the lake. Behind are the woods, which hem Lake Darling in on all sides, and in front is a stretch of water o'er which the spirit of calm seems to brood, so that at times the lake suggests a picture of the "glassy sea!" It is here that the deaf relax, completely shut out from the bores of civilization and so utterly oblivious of the hurry-up world that they might as well be living in the legendary period of the red skins whose wild spirits seem to hover about the place. Extending along the grassy slope of the cove, with plenty of space intervening are the cottages of old timers, Hoffman, Schroeder, Thompson, Bowen, Smith, Sheridan and Schwartz, besides some extra shelters for tenderfoots. Thompson's cottage, a tasteful green and white that harmonizes with nature, was the original cottage on Lake Darling, according to no less authority than A. R. Spear, who helped pick the site himself way back when the region was running wild. We did not ask Mr. Spear how many "Injuns" he killed in cowing them into waiving their claims to the land and accepting the Spear Plan, as that will make another story.

For modern conveniences these cottages of the deaf, although used only during the summer months, beat many city dwellings. That of Anton Schroeder, the St. Paul inventor, has about every device on the patent office list for giving housewives extra time to kill, not excluding his patent ironing board. Thomas Sheridan, who hibernates in the frigid atmosphere of Devil's Lake, N. D., but makes his yearly pilgrimage to the Minnesota Mecca in order to thaw out, has installed in his cottage a novel daylight diffuser that sends out searchlight rays. This makes it look as if a banquet were in progress at his domicile every night, which draws plenty of company thereto, mosquitoes, of course (though it is said they come only once in seven years) not being excepted. At Chas. Thompson's place are the



Croquet a la Darling.

most powerful gasoline machines, both land and marine, at the lake. There, too, are the dog kennels where the champion marksman keeps his prize hunting dogs, one of them a \$400 beauty. Among the sights of the camp is "Speeder" Spence's motorcycle built for two, on which he rode up to the lake from the Twin Cities alone! He shied at the query as to why he didn't bring the other party along, but anyhow, we're expecting him to spend his honeymoon at the deaf camp.

Once you join the camp in its merry whirl of sports time seems to exceed the speed limit so that a good many pastimes have to be cut out. One game, though, the gentlemen campers are ready to engage in with avidity at any old hour, and that is Croquet a la Darling. This is played on Thompson's "golf links" where the complexion of the ground, with its intricate knolls, juts and abutments preclude too hasty a termination to a game, and leaves plenty of "time out" for argument. In fact, this darling game of the campers is so much more delightfully tedious than either golf or chess that when a player, by close mathematical calculation succeeds in "putting one through" a wicket, it takes a pretty loud whoop to arouse the spectators from their enuni. Apparently the main feature of this revised sport is the aforementioned argumentation, by which the playing is sometimes prolonged until it must be finished by lantern light. But the argumentation itself lasts *ad infinitum*, the announcement of the winners by the judge being just a slight interruption, it being indicative of a "yellow streak" for a contestant to "lay down" his contention so that he could not take it up hot again at the casual meeting of his opponent on a street corner a year thereafter. The winner of the Croquet Tournament this year (men's singles,) was J. W. Bowen. He attributes his success (if we mistake not) to the study of Trigonometry and Surveying, also Gymnastic Debating at dear old Gallaudet.

Another favorite amusement of the deaf at Lake Darling is "Water Baseball." The "fans" also have a diamond on shore so close to the water that

should there come a sudden drop in the temperature that threatened to retard with ice the progress of a game in the water, the remaining innings could be played out on land. During a recent game there one of the "Connie Macks" who were bossing the show placed on the initial sack, which by the way was precipitously near the water, star "spearer of highballs" Spence with instructions to let nothing get by. For about thirteen and a half innings Spence didn't allow a man to pass First (without special "assists" from the umpire) when the opposing team, thinking it about to win the game and go home to supper, put a coach at the bag who "whooped 'er up" a la Luther Taylor, the result being that the pitcher, taking him for a base runner, shot a high one over Spence's head after which the initial sacker made a 23-knot-per dash into the deep, while the base runners jogged home. Then it was all over but the shouting and the encomiums received by Spence from the handkerchief brigade as the only player who indulged in water baseball that day.

Speaking of aquatic sports leads us to make honorable mention of N. A. Peterson, champion of the lake region, including Lake Darling and extending as far north as Superior. Our amphibious friend is equally at home chasing booze men on terra firma and skidding over the waves. At an informal exhibition he recently swam Lake Darling, towing a steam launch (no the launch didn't tow him) by holding a rope in his teeth!

Naturally the atmosphere at the deaf resort stimulates the appetite beyond the conventional limits of town. To cope with this exigency there are held at the different cottages alternate banquets at which college etiquette prevails. "Speechifying" cuts little figure at these affairs, but at one of them held this year a little after-dinner political discussion was indulged in. A straw vote was taken on the coming presidential election, but before the vote could be had it was up to the gentlemen present to decide on the eligibility of the ladies as voters. The male portion of the party got tied on it, so the temporary



E.M. Rowse, N.A. Peterson and their Catch

chairman calmly announced that he cast the deciding vote in favor of the fair sex, thus giving them the franchise for the first time in the history of Minnesota. The result of the vote was: TAFT, 0; WILSON, 7; "TEDDY," 7; DEBS, 1.

That the atmosphere of the camp is conducive to "high thinking" as well as gastronomic feats is proved by the presence therein of such philosophically inclined deaf as rivals the Elbert Hubbard farm. Here we have all in one bunch, Rowse, dissenter on excellent authority; Spence, propounder of religious questions; Schwirtz, with leanings toward Plato; and last, but not least, Bowen, whose sentiments run the gamut from Tennyson to Bill Irwin. Bowen, be it understood, belongs to the "Minnesota School of Poets." Knowing his bent we besought him to write a closing or evening hymn for this write-up, such as the sunset, just at that moment glorifying the lake, suggested. Casting his eyes out toward the bridge over the canal that joins the lakes, while wreaths of tobacco smoke inspired his vista, he nobly began, as near as we can remember, thus:

"I stood at midnight on the bridge—  
The silence, oh how grand!  
And words (not signs) seemed sacrilege—  
You see, we talked by hand!"

The rest he left for us to guess.

### A Foreword

One year hence certain of the deaf will be girdling their loins preparatory to the National Convention. The following stanza is submitted in time to let the opposing forces have an opportunity to look on all sides before they introduce their pet ideas:

And who shall say that one is right,  
And from another turn away?  
He who made the summer night,  
Also made the summer day.

Think it over.

HOWARD L. TERRY.



Outdoor Banquet, Lake Darling.



Water Baseball, Deaf Team, Lake Darling



# New Jersey State Association of the Deaf



NINTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION, LABOR DAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1912.—Photo by the State Gazette official Photographer.



HEN the meeting of the New Jersey State Association of the Deaf was called to order in the auditorium of New Jersey School for the Deaf, on Labor Day, September 2nd, there were over one hundred present, forty-one being members.

Secretary-Treasurer Robertson, of Kearney, explained that, on account of the absence of both President Pach and Vice-President Kees, it would be necessary to appoint a temporary president.

On motion, Mr. Isaac R. Bowker, of Trenton, was made president *pro tem*.

Mr. Bowker modestly accepted the honor, and then introduced Mr. Walker, the Superintendent of the Institution, who made a neat address of welcome.

Superintendent Walker, who, after felicitating the members upon the large attendance, compared them to fruits of their school to the parent tree. He said as the tree was known by its fruits so the school to which the meeting was being held could be judged by the bright, vigorous, law-abiding and well-to-do men and women present. He spoke of the school as the *alma mater* and of the members as its children; of the mutual pride which each had in the other, and of his pleasure at having the children at times meet at their old home to discuss the affairs of the family.

He extended a hearty welcome in behalf of the school, the city and the state, saying that the feeling of all was one of the greatest pride in their children of silence.

Superintendent Walker recommended as subjects for consideration the day school; the home for aged and infirm deaf; compulsory education laws; the establishment of centres in large cities for the use of the deaf; the suppression of beggars simulating deafness; the use of the moving picture machine, and of gesture in the education of the deaf, and the general observance of Gallaudet day.

Mr. George S. Porter, of Trenton, responded, thanking Mr. Walker, on behalf of the Association, for his warm welcome to the members and for the elaborate lunch provided by Storekeeper Newcomb.

Chairman Bowker then read the following address, by President Pach, who was unable to attend:

## PRESIDENT PACH'S ADDRESS

*Fellow Members of the New Jersey Association:*—It is a source of great regret to me that the Association convenes without the presence of either of the two presiding officers. I cannot consider myself legally president of the association since I took up my residence in New York over a year and a half ago, but as Vice-President Kees is incapacitated by his unfortunate illness and there is no provision for filling either the offices we were elected for, between conventions, it devolved on Secretary Robertson to arrange for the present meeting.

The all-absorbing interest of this meeting will naturally be the unveiling of the Rowland Batemen Lloyd memorial. It will be the first meeting of the association that he has not been identified with, and it is altogether fitting that he who, as president and otherwise, accomplished so much signal good for his fellow deaf of the State, should be remembered so fittingly.

The graceful, thoughtful act of placing the portrait of his genial, scholarly features, we knew and loved so well, here on the scene of his many years of unremitting labor is a well deserved tribute, and in thus honoring his memory we Jerseymen and Jerseywomen are honoring ourselves. I say "we" Jerseymen because I am Jersey-bred and proud of it.

You, who are numbered among the Alumni of the state school today acting as host to the association, will take renewed pride in your *alma mater* when you notice the progress being made under Superintendent Walker's administration. By the time you again convene here the new dormitory building will be ready and the school's working efficiency increased accordingly.

The success of a great Institution like the New Jersey School for the Deaf, is measured by the success its graduates meet with in the life it prepares them for. The almost uniform superiority of the New Jersey deaf populace attests the efficiency of the school and its method—which is the old reliable and invariably efficient Combined Method that fits itself to the pupil, and does not require that the pupil be fitted to it. In this day of the insistent demand from those who do not know, or who have a wrong conception of the work of educating the deaf and dumb, it takes a great deal of courage on the part of the powers that be, to stand their ground and resist.

We graduates have accomplished our share in this resistance and we must never let up.

It was good old Dr. Thomas Gallaudet who never let an occasion slip by without reminding assemblages that he addressed that "signs and spelling are to the eye what sounds are to the ear," and this sums up the whole situation that we know so well.

It is no theory to us. We know by that knowledge that is born of dearly bought experience.

In closing, I know you will all join with me in conveying to our Vice-President now seeking improved health in distant Colorado our prayerful solicitation and expressing the hope that he may soon return to us in splendid good health.

I thank you for having honored me with the presidency of the association and turn the reins over to my successor with a feeling of sadness and regret at not having been permitted to accomplish all that I would have liked to. Again many, many thanks and sincerest greetings to you all.

Mr. Robertson then read the minutes of the last meeting held two years ago. Approved.

Mr. G. S. Porter, Chairman of the Committee on the Lloyd Memorial, submitted his report, which was approved, and was as follows:

## LLOYD MEMORIAL FUND

John P. Walker	\$5.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter	2.00
A. L. Pach	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hunt	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Sloat	2.00
C. W. Breese	2.00
Frank Mesick	1.00
W. D. Stocker	1.00
David Simmons	1.00
H. J. Haight	1.00
Rosa Schmidt	1.00
Theodore Eggert	1.00
Thomas Logan	1.00
B. H. Sharp	1.00
Miss Louisa Geiger	1.00
Miss Mary Sommers	1.00
Miss Annabel Kent	1.00
George F. Morris	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson	1.00
Misses Josephine and Marjorie Stephenson	1.00
C. T. Hummer	1.00
Anthony Capelli	1.00
Dick Salmon	1.00
Miss Edna Van Wagoner	1.00
W. Beadell	1.15
Geo. T. Sanders	1.00
Washington Houston	1.00
Mrs. Hattie Tobin	.50

(Through Mr. Robertson)

N. J. Deaf-Mute Society	3.00
R. M. Robertson	1.00
Thomas Smith	1.00

20 March '18

36369



CONVENTION GROUP TAKEN ON THE REAR STEPS

Henry Hester .....	1.00
Henry A. Coe .....	.50
H. C. Dickerson .....	.50
J. R. Newcomb .....	.50
E. Daubner .....	.50

(Through Mr. Bowker.)

Isaac R. Bowker .....	1.00
George Wainwright .....	1.00
William Bennison .....	1.00
Mrs. Ira Worcester .....	1.00
Miss Sadie Daly .....	1.00
Jacob Bessman .....	1.00
Miss Ethel Collins .....	1.00
Adolph Krokenberger .....	1.00
Miss Mabel Snowden .....	1.00
Francis Purcell .....	1.00
Ida May Cole .....	1.00
W. L. Salter .....	1.00
Frank Nutt .....	1.00
Mrs. E. McCarthy .....	1.00
D. S. Staats .....	1.00
Frederick Waltz .....	.50

(Through Mr. Cascella.)

Miss Katie Ehrlich .....	1.00
Miss H. M. Dellicker .....	1.00
F. Parella .....	1.00
H. Miller .....	1.00
O. Reinke .....	1.00
C. Cascella .....	1.00
F. Bouton .....	1.00
C. Pace .....	1.00
E. Bradley .....	1.00
S. Schornstein .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Ward .....	2.00
I. Lowe .....	1.00
L. Pugliese .....	1.00
H. Redman .....	1.00
G. Rigg .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Aaron .....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Black .....	1.00
Owen Coyne .....	1.00

Total Receipts ..... \$81.15

## EXPENDITURES

One portrait and frame .....	\$65.00
Tablet for same .....	1.50
Packing box .....	1.45
Express prepaid .....	.60
Bunting and Ribbon .....	.68
	69.23

Balance on hand ..... \$11.92

NOTE—As will be seen Mr. Pach made a slight reduction from the original charge, which accounts for the balance shown. It was agreed at the convention that this balance be used in having photographic copies made of the Memorial for presentation to members of the deceased's family out West and to each contributor. As the balance would not cover the cost of copies to each subscriber, the Treasurer of the Association was authorized to pay for the difference; that said copies be mailed direct

from Pach's studio to those contributors who make requests for same.

GEO. S. PORTER, *Chairman.*

ISSAC BOWKER

DAVID SIMMONS.

*Committee on Lloyd Memorial.*

Acting president Bowker then read the following communication from Vice-President Paul E. Kees:—

COLORADO SPRINGS, August 27, 1912.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I really wish I could be with you at this convention, and regret that I am unable to do so.

I earnestly wish this convention a big success; and also hope you will have a good time.

Yours truly,

PAUL E. KEES.

The question of the "Liability Law and the Deaf" then came up. Messrs. Porter and Cascella spoke in favor of the law. They thought it was as good for the deaf as it was for the hearing.

Deaf Impostors next came up for discussion. Mrs. Sanders told how she was able to send one of these fellows up to do time.

Mr. Porter followed with a tale of a real deaf-mute, able-bodied, who struck it rich begging, and denounced in strong terms such practices as being

degrading to our class. There might be some excuse for a deaf person physically unable to work, but for an able-bodied one, never.

The Chair appointed the following committees:

*On Nominations*—Messrs. Cascella, Ward, and W. Bennison.

*On Resolutions*—Messrs. Porter, Stephenson and Mrs. Bennison.

At 12:45 a recess was taken, and at one o'clock a substantial lunch was served to all present in the pupils' dining room. Both Mr and Mrs. Walker and Storekeeper Newcomb were in attendance, and rendered assistance in various ways. Mr. Walker also distributed Havanas to the male members.

During intermission, Mr. Geo. S. Porter photographed the members as also did a representative of the *State Gazette*.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

It was three o'clock when the afternoon session was called to order.

The first thing on the program was the Lloyd Memorial, of which subscriptions for a crayon portrait had been contributed by Mr. Lloyd's former pupils and friends.

Mr. David Simmons, the originator of the scheme, delivered the following presentation address:

## MR. SIMMONS'S ADDRESS.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—The memory of this day should stay with us for many years to come. For today we give to the world a fitting proof of our love and esteem for our former teacher and friend, Rowland B. Lloyd.

Since the establishment of this institution there has been no more faithful teacher and friend of the deaf than he to whom we now do honor.

For twenty-nine years he taught in these halls, giving the best he had for the advancement of the deaf. And he had much to give; for no man was better fitted than he to labor in his chosen field.

Professor Lloyd was an ideal teacher. His life, in itself, was a lesson. Possessed of all the characteristics of a Christian gentleman he was a model for all.

He could teach well, because he was thoroughly familiar with his subjects. He could teach much, where others could teach little, for he understood the ability of the deaf-mute mind; and could fathom the possibilities of each youthful brain which came to him for instruction. And, with a skill possessed by few, he succeeded in imparting knowledge which has led to the making of many good and intelligent deaf-mute citizens.

As a teacher he was the peer of the country's best. As a friend he was sincere and faithful. He spoke ill of no one; and never have I heard one word of ill-will spoken of him.

We, in presenting this portrait to the institution, do honor to the memory of one whom we loved and admired. And those who come in after years will



DINING TABLES SET FOR THE GUESTS OF THE SCHOOL ON LABOR DAY



look upon it and think kindly of the noble man who did so much for the deaf of New Jersey.

And now, Mr. Walker, we place this memorial of our friend in your keeping, hoping it will remain ever on these walls, and by its presence, inspire other teachers in service to those under their care.

Miss Ethel Collins, of Barnegat, who occupied a seat on the platform, then arose and deftly removed the purple bunting which had covered the portrait, amidst great applause, revealing the life-like features of Mr. Lloyd in a beautiful gold scroll frame. A small tablet fastened to the frame bears this inscription:

ROWLAND BATEMAN LLOYD  
1848—1912

*Forty-three years a teacher of the Deaf. Presented to the New Jersey School for the Deaf in loving remembrance by his former pupils and friends.*

Superintendent Walker then accepted the portrait in behalf of the school, paying a most touching and beautiful tribute to Mr. Lloyd's worth as a teacher and Christian gentleman.

He was followed by Mr. Anthony Capelli, of New York, who told of the time when Mr. Lloyd was a teacher in the New York Institution, and of meeting him several times afterwards and also of his having made the acquaintance of many of Mr. Lloyd's former pupils, who one and all spoke highly of him as a teacher and Christian gentleman, and concluded by saying that he felt sure that if Mr. Hodgson was present he would express his high esteem of Mr. Lloyd, to whom he had been a lifelong friend.

Mr. Porter followed and delivered the following:

My first meeting with Mr. Lloyd was when I was a pupil in the Fanwood school about forty years ago. He was an embryo teacher and my impression of him then was strongly formed. I admired him because he was such a little man, yet never afraid of the fellows bigger than himself. When supervising at recess he carried, I remember well, a big stick, and woe to those tardy boys in getting into line, for the big stick would be righteously exercised with a force that would surely be felt.

There were several expert sign-makers at the school and Mr. Lloyd was one of them. Out of the thirty or more teachers only about half a dozen could interest the six hundred pupils to any great extent. When so and so was to entertain the pupils with a reading on a Saturday evening, the question among the pupils would be: "Who is it?" If it happened to be any of those eloquent sign makers there would be a rush for the chapel seats and for an hour or two they would give wrapt attention, demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt their interest in the lecturer's sign delivery which was invariably clear, forceful, eloquent and dramatic. Should it be any other than the aforementioned, the pupils would assemble in chapel with reluctance and even their lack of interest was painfully evident.

When Mr. Lloyd came to New Jersey to teach, the pupils exhibited the same interest in his chapel talks as the pupils at Fanwood did. As a teacher of the deaf, of him it is not necessary to elucidate. The many well educated deaf men and women here today are living proofs of his efficiency.

No person outside of Mr. Lloyd's family was more closely associated with him than myself. When I came to this school from Arkansas nearly twenty-one years ago, we became interested in each other because of our fondness for that game of all games—chess. It did not take me long to discover that he was no ordinary chess player. In fact, I have seen him win from many a Trenton expert.

He was a man of great perseverance. To illustrate: When the bicycle fever broke out Mr. Lloyd was an easy victim. Because of his small stature it was extremely difficult for him to learn to mount. Repeated failures did not discourage him. I think it was fully a year before he mastered the machine and after that he became a frequent companion on my trips,—some of which were quite extended.

Socially I liked him—he was so easy to get along with. If every thing did not go exactly right, instead of getting mad or making a fuss as some people do, he would treat it as a huge joke.

I never knew Mr. Lloyd to do a wrong or mean act. He was the most uncomplaining man I ever knew. The interest he took in the welfare of his pupils was second only to that of his own family.

Now, my friends, I know that you, who, took part in causing the memorial to be created, are not sorry. It is but a slight expression of a grateful body of deaf men and women who are the beneficiaries of Mr. Lloyd's teachings and wise counsel. His material self has passed from us forever, but his spirit will ever remain with us, and the portrait which we present to the school will ever be a reminder of what he looked like in the flesh.

Mr. Washington Houston, of Philadelphia, Pa., who was educated at Fanwood, told of the time when he attended school with Mr. Lloyd at Fanwood. At the conclusion he was applauded.

Mr. Sanders, also of Philadelphia, was the next speaker. He said he was not so well acquainted



THE LLOYD MEMORIAL PORTRAIT  
Presented to the New Jersey School for the Deaf on Labor Day.

with Mr. Lloyd as most of those present were, but he was proud to number him among some of his most cherished acquaintances.

Treasurer Robertson said that forty-four members had paid dues, and that he now had \$51.09 on hand, and would turn same over to his successor when elected.

The election of officers for the ensuing two years then took place with the following result:

President—Issac R. Bowker, of Trenton.

Vice-President—George Wainwright, of Trenton.

Secretary-Treasurer—David Simmons, of Rahway.

The newly elected officers were then installed.

On motion the retiring officers were tendered a vote of thanks for their labors the past two years.

Secretary Simmons read a communication from Mr. Douglas Tilden, of California, Acting President of the newly organized American Federation Society, which was organized in San Francisco, Cal., July 3d last, inviting the New Jersey State Association to become affiliated with the Federation.

A motion to table it until next meeting was put through.

The following preamble and resolutions were then

read by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. G. S. Porter, and approved:—

#### RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, The Supreme Ruler has, in his infinite wisdom, seem fit to remove from our midst Rowland Bateman Lloyd, the oldest and best of our members, and

WHEREAS, Said Rowland Bateman Lloyd in his service as president, counsellor and friend, did much toward putting the Association on a sound footing, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the New Jersey State Association of the Deaf in convention assembled, take this means of expressing our deepest sorrow in the loss of so valued a member.

Resolved, That a copy of these Preamble and Resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the convention and that a copy be forwarded to the widow of the late Mr. Lloyd, now living in Vancouver, Washington.

Resolved, That we endorse the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, whose headquarters is in Chicago, as being worthy of the hearty support of every intelligent and progressive deaf person; that we would recommend and urge all who desire to receive its benefits to become members of said organization.

Resolved, That we endorse the National Association of the Deaf as deserving encouragement by every intelligent deaf person in our State, in its fight for our rights; that we urge membership in same.

Resolved, That we endorse the Combined System of instruction as practiced in the New Jersey School for the Deaf, which embraces writing, spelling, signs and speech, as being the best means of educating the deaf in all that the name implies.

Resolved, That we denounce the action of the Nebraska Legislature in passing a law making it mandatory that instruction of the deaf children in that state be confined to the Purely Oral Method—a method that has been rejected by the educated deaf in every civilized country in the world, as being insufficient, superficial and impractical.

Resolved, That the Association regrets the circumstances which prevented our honored President, Mr. Alex L. Pach, and Vice-President, Mr. Paul Kees, from being present at this meeting.

Resolved, That we regret the circumstances which have delayed the building of the new dormitory at the New Jersey State School for the Deaf, and that it is the feeling of the deaf of the State that the Legislature should appropriate enough money for the erection of new modern buildings to replace the old, unsafe, unsanitary buildings which have been used for over a quarter of a century; that it is impossible to attain the highest ideals in deaf-mute education under present arrangements; that we commend the efforts of Hon. John Murray, Chairman of the Education Committee on the School for the Deaf, for the vigorous manner in which he is working for the betterment of the school.

Resolved, That the thanks be extended to the State Board of Education, through the Chairman of the Committee of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, for the use of the chapel and freedom of the grounds; to Superintendent John P. Walker and his corps of assistants, and to all who, directly or indirectly, assisted in making the convention signally successful and enjoyable.

Resolved, That the condolence of the Association

be extended to Mrs. R. C. Stephenson, of Trenton, on account of her father's death on the 20th of August, and also to Mrs. J. E. Stephenson, of Trenton, whose husband died on the 1st of September, this year.

The meeting adjourned *sine die* at 5:45, and soon after most of the members and visitors left for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowker acted as host and hostess at their home on Walter Avenue, Trenton, N. J., to

quite a company, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. W. Bennison, Miss Ethel Collins, Messrs. G. E. Wainwright, Chas. Cascella, David Simmons and Anthony Capelli. Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson also entertained friends.

## MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

**T**HE Fifth Australian Congress of the Deaf and Dumb has been. It is now of the past, making Christmas, 1911, and New Year, 1912, memorable in the annals of the deaf of Australia. Some of the congresses that have already been held, were simple conferences—so to speak—between two states; this, however, was what might be called a compound conference, consisting of several states, therefore, properly a Congress. Congress 1911-1912 is notable, in that it was got up wholly, and run entirely, by the Melbourne deaf—the local branch of the Australian Deaf and Dumb Association.

Every state in the commonwealth of Australia was represented by several deaf, so, also, was the Dominion of New Zealand. The only hearing people who took part in the proceedings being the President of the A. D. D. A. and a visiting Missionary from South Australia.

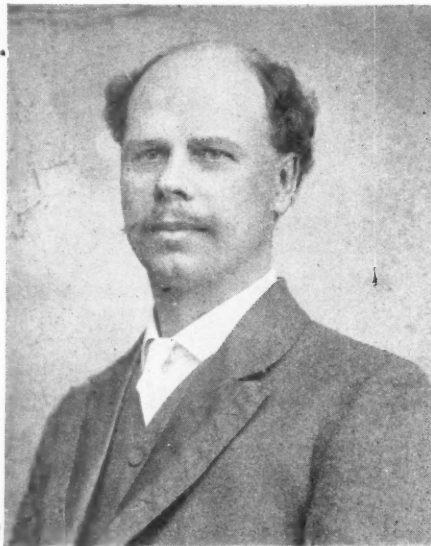
This Congress might very appropriately be termed the "Cricket-Match-Congress," as it was the occasion of a cricket match between the deaf of South Australia and Victoria, which led to the congress. This was the eighth Interstate Cricket Match. The Victorian deaf have been a competing team on each occasion and have come off with flying colors in seven contests.

At the recent Congress there were seven papers read, viz:—Mr. S. Williamson, of New Zealand, (the land of Oralism). Subject: The Pure Oral System. The resolution adopted was as follows: That the New Zealand Government Education Department be made aware of the fact that educated deaf throughout the world are practically unanimous in favor of the combined system of instruction and respectfully request the Government to examine the results of all methods with the view to considering the advisability of introducing a more elastic system into the New Zealand schools for the deaf.

Mr. J. E. Muir, of Victoria. Subject:—Uniform System of Signs, etc. Resolution:—That this congress recommends the adoption of an uniform system of signs, figures and manual alphabet throughout Australia. That headmasters of schools for the deaf be approached with the view of bringing about a conference to achieve this object.

Miss M. O. Wilson, of Queensland. Subject:—Higher Education. Resolution:—That this congress recommends to the General Board the advisability of instituting some movement that would bring about higher education of the deaf, also a method or plan by which the deaf might be introduced into the higher trades and professions.

Mrs. J. E. Muir, of Victoria. Subject:—Lan-



ERNEST ABRAHAM

President of the Australian Deaf and Dumb Association.

apprenticed or otherwise trained to most remunerative trades at such an age as will enable them to gauge. Resolution: That this congress recommends very strongly to the Committees of Schools for the Deaf that language as spoken and written by English people be given more attention than at



MAIN BUILDING, FARM HOME, BLACKBURN.  
Photo. by S. Ferguson.

present and also that the study of Poetry and Literature be made more general in schools for the deaf.

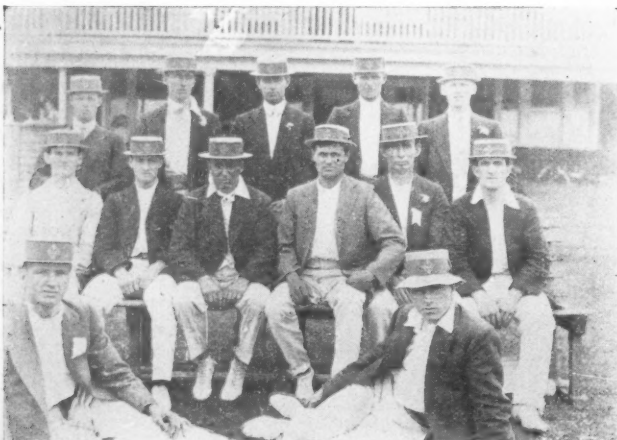
Mr. F. E. Frewin, of Victoria. Subject:—Provisions for Apprenticeship. Resolution: That this congress respectfully draws the attention of Committee of Adult Deaf and Dumb Societies in Australia and elsewhere to the need of giving grave consideration to the question of employment for the deaf with a view to getting youths leaving school be masters of the same when they reach manhood.

Mr. T. A. Nelson, of Victoria. Subject:—Civil Service and the Deaf. Resolution: That in view of the fact that there are departments in the Civil Service where deaf-mutes might be employed with advantage this congress requests that the various boards of Adult Deaf and Dumb Societies in Australia give serious thought to the devising of some scheme for the training of such deaf youths as may be considered suitable. (At the present time there are a number of the deaf in the employ of the Civil Service of the various states of the Commonwealth. Surveyor Generals Dept. (Q.) Lands Dept. N. S. W.) Melb. and Met. Board of Works (V.) Government Printing Office (S. A.)

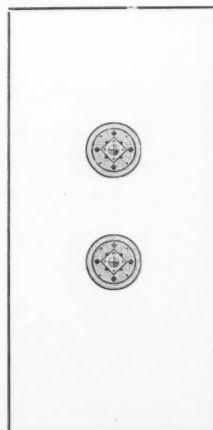
Mr. M. Miller, of Victoria. Subject: The Deaf Tramp. Resolution: That this congress recommends the General Board of the A. D. D. A. to take such action as may be considered best to put an end to the trouble and disgrace caused to the deaf as a community by the deaf-mute beggar, also that steps be taken whenever known to expose any hearing impostor who personates a deaf-mute with the object of obtaining alms.

Just as the Cricket Match led to the Congress, the Congress led to other events.

Special services on two Sundays conducted by Mr. J. McDonald, of South Australia, the visiting Missionary already referred to, who is the youngest missionary to the deaf in Australia. He also took part in other proceedings and by the beautiful manner of his delivery quite captivated and held the attention to his audience from start to finish. Mr. McDonald, on his arrival at Melbourne by the boat, made direct for the Blackburn Home, where he was given a warm welcome. In his first speech at the Congress, he was deeply moved and said he never saw so many deaf and dumb gathered together before, and when he got home again he would work for the cause of the deaf and advance the ideals of the Association. Mr. Abraham, the President, paid him a graceful compliment, saying: "If Mr. McDonald is so accomplished for so young a man, and having been so short a time among the deaf,



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DEAF-MUTE CRICKET TEAM



Photo's by A. Stokes



VICTORIAN DEAF-MUTE CRICKET TEAM





MR. J. McDONALD  
Missionary, Adelaide, Australia

he gave promise of becoming an excellent missionary to the deaf in the future."

There were visits to the Houses of the Federal Parliament, and to the Headquarters of the Fire Brigades.

A trip down the bay to Queenscliff ("The Heads"). This is where the forts are, guarding the entrance to our fair city, where I can assure the Trenton Deaf a red-hot salute if they come in their war-paint.

A dinner given by Mr. M. L. Miller, the Vice-President of the A. D. D. A., to all association members, which was served in one of Melbourne's first class cafes. Seventy guests sat down at the tables. After the feast the evening was passed in speech-making. The speaker of the evening who received the warmest welcome and was listened to with the greatest interest was Mr. F. J. Rose (the father of the deaf of Victoria) who is now eighty-one years of age. It was he who started the education of the deaf in this state with one pupil. He was visibly affected when speaking.

Looking back over the years that have passed, we review step by step the progress made for the benefit of the deaf to the present day. They have a school building which, when finished, cost \$135,000.00 an annual income for maintenance of \$19,595.00 and an endowment fund amounting to \$74,965.00. Also, the education of the deaf is on the eve of being free and compulsory after being under the Charity Act for fifty years. There are now over one hundred pupils in the school. There is, also, the great work among the adults, whose society is now in its twenty-ninth year, having the care of about five hundred under its charge, an institute in the heart of the city, which is the envy of many. The Adult Society owns property to the value of \$65,000, with an annual income of \$14,000. In connection with the society there is the fine Farm-Home at Blackburn for the old folks, all of which was begun by a single Sunday morning service in a hall granted free of rent. All this Mr. Rose has lived to see which is a privilege in this life not given to many.

Perhaps, in the opinion of nearly all the deaf the most enjoyable event was the visit to the Flower-Farm at Blackburn and being entertained to tea by Mr. and Mrs. Abraham. The acres looked quite lively with so many sprightly lads and lasses flitting here and there, the dresses of the ladies vying with the color of the flowers. I would like to put on record which were most gorgeous, the dresses or

the flowers! But it is like being between the devil and the deep sea. If I say the ladies' "dresses," Mr. Abraham might tear me to shreds as the flowers are his pride. If I say the "flowers," then the ladies might—oh! it is unthinkable, so I had better leave that part of the subject. However, there can be no dispute about the tea, none of us were sent empty away. There is a lake on the acres; acres of it. There are boats on the lake, tho' somehow or other when a great number of the deaf go out there, happily or unhappily, the oars are broken or lost, they mysteriously turn up whole and sound on a hearing visitors' day. Perhaps the reason of the mystery is to be found in the fact that the hearing pay, the deaf don't.

Well, as I said: "Perhaps in the opinion of nearly all the deaf, the most enjoyable event was the visit to the Flower-Farm at Blackburn," which I have just recorded. Now, in my opinion the most enjoyable event was the sports field at Brighton Beach; not that the sports were up to much, indeed, they were very tame. The reason I think the sports event the most important is because *there* I got a snip of our famous "Unity" at the wicket—Miss M. Overend Wilson.

ALEX. WILLIAMSON.

#### NEW YORK

"Little Miss Brown" will retain possession of the Forty-eighth Street Theatre for a period of indefinite duration. Like "Over Night," the previous comedy from the pen of Philip Bartholomae, this piece began climbing into New York favor by daily steps rather than in one bound—a condition regarded by theatrical managers as indicating with certainty a long and commanding career. It is a fact that since the first performance each succeeding audience has been larger than that of the night before, while the entertainment with repetition steadily has grown more rapid and attractive. Miss Madge Kennedy, the young girl of twenty, with but little previous stage experience, who made a remarkable success at the opening of "Little Miss Brown," has been engaged by Manager Brady for the next five years. It is interesting history that Miss Kennedy was "discovered" by Grace George while playing in Cincinnati. The young girl at that time was appearing in a minor musical comedy which Miss George went to observe one afternoon when she had no matinee of her own. A letter to Mr. Brady followed, saying that here was a new personality worth securing, and Mr. Bartholomae was requested to go and see the young actress. Shortly afterward she was engaged for the number three "Over Night" company, where she rapidly developed such ability that the author re-shaped his central character in "Little Miss Brown," which he then was writing, to fit her. This narrative indicates, first that Mr. Brady's unceasing search for youthful persons with talent is not without reward, the second, that when an inexperienced youngster possessing genuine capacity comes along, the road to success is not so filled with obstacles and conspiracies as some pessimists would have us believe.

"HAUNTED HOUSE,"  
LAKE CARLOS,  
MINNESOTA



## Some More Verses

BY MRS. GEO. T. SANDERS

Know man and you will know the deep of God;  
For I who cry my wonder over life,  
Am I not part of that behind it all?  
Do not I feel the passion of one  
Who was anterior to the morning star?  
Did I not come out of the mystery,  
Out of the infinite? So in my sigh  
Do I not breathe its sorrow; in my will  
Do I not speak its purpose? When a stone  
Falls from a star, we find within the stone  
The secret of the vastness whence it fell.

—Edwin Markham.

Oftimes when I put on my gloves,  
I wonder if I'm sane.  
For when I put the right one on  
The right seems to remain  
To be put on—that is, 'tis left.  
Yet if the left I don,  
The other one is left and then  
I have the right one on.  
But still I have the left on right;  
The right one, though, is left  
To go right on the left right hand  
All right if I am left.

The cosmos thrills to the touch of the winds,  
The flower is swayed by a force afar;  
Stranger still is the spell that binds  
Spirit to Spirit, as star to star.  
In the rhythmic course of the systems dear,  
I shall feel your touch—I shall know you near.

"I was in an awkward fix yesterday morning,"  
said one man to another.

"How was that?"

Why, I came home late and my wife heard me  
and said: "John, what time is it?" and I said: "Only  
twelve, dear," and just then the cuckoo clock sang  
out three times and I just had to stand there and  
cuckoo nine times more!"

Mike was taken very ill, hurriedly taken to the  
hospital and his appendix removed. He had never  
heard of appendicitis and was laughingly told that  
when he was better he would see it hanging in the  
window. Later, raising his head from his pillow,  
he was astonished to see a monkey in the window  
making faces at him and chattering. After staring  
he wearily laid his head on his pillow saying "Oh  
now, don't do that, me bhoy. Don't you know your  
mother is a very sick man?"—*Ladies' Home  
Journal.*

Lettuce Denby up N Dewang,  
Widow Hartford N. E. Pate.  
Still H. E. ving, Still per Sue Wing  
Learn to label Auntie Waite.

—Longworth Wadfellow.



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway New York

**C**OLUMBUS, 1912! That was the "Frats" slogan all last Spring, and I was one of those "Columbused." I had "discovered Columbus" just fourteen years before. The Teachers' association met there in 1898 and the climate has changed, I judge, for the "Frats" just broiled during the greater part of the week.

The delegation that left New York on Saturday evening, June 29th, numbered only five, but enough more joined us *en route* to make up the group party shown in this issue, at Cleveland, our first stopping place.

Cleveland "Brothers" met us and piloted us to the American House, where we enjoyed a good dinner. In the afternoon we "saw Cleveland" and a mighty good city it is to see, though a hot summer sun beat down on us, a ripping breeze from the lake made it almost cool enough for a light overcoat.

Cleveland is the sixth city in the union in population, but it leads in many things, one learns on a tour of observation.

The National Association meets there next summer and I predict a huge crowd that will go away more than pleased.

Cleveland is a nicely spread out town and cars run all over, and they all radiate from a common point. "Pay as you leave" cars were a novelty to us Easterners, though the "Pay as you enter" variety predominate.

After our day in Cleveland, we all reached the Union station in time to catch the six o'clock flier for Columbus, three hours further west. The timetable provides a 6 p.m. express and only when one looks very sharp does one discover that a little hier-

oglyphic at the top of the column denotes that it only runs week days. A station attendant kindly volunteered the information that we were all "sung," but said we *could* take the nine o'clock local, which would land us in Columbus at 1:10 next morning. As there wasn't anything else to do, we took it.

Columbus was a very quiet city when the 30 odd frats walked the long entrance to the station, to the street, and it was a goodly wait till a Columbus street car came along and conveyed them to the other end of High street to the Southern hotel. The Southern hotel is one of the best equipped and best managed houses I ever signed a register in. Every feature of the house is admirable and the rooms "homey and comfy."

Breakfasts were ideal and the delicious coffee, fresh eggs, splendid rolls, and corn muffins, all served in the best of style, cost no more than one pays at New York's famous "cafe des enfants," otherwise "Childs."

Luckily we met at a time when the Southern's guests are few, so we got a mighty low rate and a great deal more than our money's worth.

Sessions were held in Insurance Hall and sessions were held on time, and there were few who dared to be tardy and never an absentee. The convention was unique in this respect and I never attended one before where every delegate was so very intently "on the job" all the time. As a general thing we were working morning, noon and night, and even then it was a tight squeeze getting all the work done from Monday morning until Saturday night. The delegates occupied the same chair in the horse-shoe assembly at each session. On roll call the Secretary knew just where to look for every response. This facilitated matters greatly and also helped one to remember everybody, for if a name escaped you you could recall the Division the man or men represented.

The first diversion came Monday evening, when the local deaf society pitched in to make a reception the delegates would remember.

The Ohio School's famous and well known educators, Patterson, Greener, Schory, Charles, Zorn, Zell and others, were on hand and with the many other National Association veterans I met it was more of a reunion to me than a welcoming reception, for I had the good fortune to be with many old friends.

On July 4th, we all went to the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, and there was a record crowd there, all contributing in one way or another to help along an unusually good cause.

It's a good bit of a trolley ride from Columbus to Hay-wagon junction. Special cars took us to the junction, and the aforesaid hay wagon method of transportation took us the two miles we still had to go to reach the Home. It was July 4th and hot. The hay was nice and warm and the only thing we had to sit on. The sun beamed down on us and linen collars soon became soft ones. The Home builders are not new, but are home-like and Ohio's deaf people certainly have reason to be proud of their work. The farm is an unusually productive one, even for an Ohio farm, and that is saying a great deal. They own acres and acres—I forget how many—but acres and acres.

Near noon several of us wondered if we might not escape a wetting if we made our visit one of half a day, instead of all day, so we concluded to charter a Brother frat's automobile, and catch a trolley to Columbus from hay-wagon junction. This part was easily accomplished and we reached the Southern hotel just in time for luncheon, and then it was us for the motor races, but all cars leading to the park, and to all other parks were jammed, steps and all, and there wasn't the ghost of a chance to board one, so we had to find other diversion. The State Penitentiary is closed to visitors on holidays, but the female convicts, to the number of sixty or seventy, are permitted to have visits from their families on the lawn outside of the prison. One guard does duty and but for their convict's dress, one never would suspect that the women are prisoners. Among them was one woman whom the governor had just saved from the electric chair and gave her imprisonment for life.

It was an odd happening, and on the day that commemorates the freedom of the Nation, and we were looking on the sight of women convicts enjoying the air, the trees, and the grass outside of their prison walls. Women—some of them wives and mothers, kept in a cage, like so many animals. Women—some of them wives and mothers!

Oh, the pity of it!

Back to the Fraternal Congress, but first let me say that those who remained at the Home all day did get a ducking and mud was an accompaniment of the wetting!

For one week the delegates worked! And the reins were drawn so tight we were kept in our seats like school boys. Every man had been sent as a delegate at his Division's expense, and it was up to him to "make good." And they all "made good."

A lot of important work was carried out and the Association will take a big jump forward by reason of the new things accomplished. Reforms describes it, but reforms isn't the exact word, for it conveys a misleading impression. As the Society gets older, bigger, stronger, it needs new safeguards, and new provisions for carrying on so all important a work.

The convention developed some new men that will be heard from in future gatherings of the deaf, and some of the old time orators had new chances to shine.

From the clergy's ranks, Reverends Koehler and Cloud had numerous innings; the former in his old-time Pennsylvania burst of oratory—slow, deliberate but landing like a sledge-hammer—the latter, rapid, graceful and forceful, yet with the smile that won't come off even when making his most telling points.

Then there was Seeley, of Nebraska, who used to be a neighbor



OFFICERS AND DELEGATES OF THE COLUMBUS CONVENTION, N. F. S. D.—Photo by Pach.



of W. J. Bryan, and the Seeley and Bryan families were very intimate. Bro. Seeley signs as clear as a bell—maybe that's a mixed-met, but it conveys my meaning. This would be a jolly good world for deaf people if every sign maker could be a Seeley.

Bro. Fugate, a Kentuckian to the core, is another master of the sign-language, and one never can misinterpret his meaning.

Then there was Big Chief Bro. Hunt! He can say things so deftly delicate as Bro. Seeley—I have seen him. But he generally waits for the psychological moment and then he is chief engineer of the steam roller. He carries everything before him, and he hasn't the faintest concern as to where the chips may light. Bro. Hunt was one of the Big three that Chicago Division sent—he represented the non-resident membership. Bro. Fisher and Bro. Barrows were the other two from the big division. When Bro. Fisher signified a desire for a call of roll everybody stopped to look and listen, as there was sure to be something doing.

Never was there such a truly representative convention. The delegates that had votes—and there were 112 votes cast on every ballot—from Chicago's 24, Brooklyn's 6, down to the little one-vote divisions, every man represented a following, a constituency to whom he was responsible. The organization was a concrete one. It represented something. It was a tangible definite proposition that was always before one.

It was a real congress. There were no theoretical or hypothetical problems involved, but just the simple proposition that we were builders and conservers and that the 1500 deaf men whose interests we were there to further, had eyes on us and were going to make us render an accounting—for every man had in mind the time he must stand before his Division to report, and every man was spurred on to such an endeavor that when the time to account came, he might be able to do it with his conscience clear.

And, after a practically solid week's work, the delegates returned to their homes—to the Pacific coast and the Atlantic coast and the North and the South, and there was no one to regret the sacrifice of time and effort and expense that were put into the Columbus Convention of the Frats.

Since the convention adjourned Bro. Christenson, former Grand Treasurer, has passed to the Great Be-



PICNIC GROUP AT THE COLUMBUS CONVENTION

Taken July 4, 1912, at the Ohio Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Central College, Ohio, by A. H. Schory.

The picture shows the front of the main building at the Home, with the most of the crowd which enjoyed the day at this noble institution, the pride of Ohio's deaf citizens. It goes without saying that the Frats enjoyed the outing and appreciated the opportunity afforded to visit the Home.

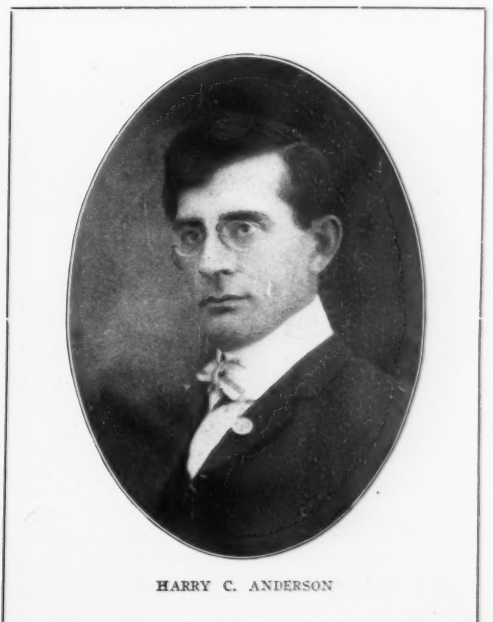
yond. One of those cruel street tradedies ended his career in a most horrible manner. Bro. Christenson declined a re-election as Grand Treasurer, though he reluctantly accepted that of Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Though clothed with heavy responsibility and a Grand Officer he kept in the background all through the convention, and when the entire body practically tried to force a re-election on him, he modestly, almost blushing, declined, saying it was time for some one else to take up the burden. He was almost the oldest in years, and in point of service. He had a genial warmth of manner that won everybody.

Death has taken one of our shining marks. We all mourn the demure, courteous, little old gentleman of the old school who was such a genial man and such a royal good Frat.

ALEX L. PACH.

#### INDIANAPOLIS MAN HEAD OF NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF.

Harry C. Anderson, of Indianapolis, who was elected president of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf at the recent triennial meeting of the society at Columbus, O., is clerk in the Farmer's Trust Company, where he has been employed for the last five years. Previous to that time he was for twenty years in the courthouse as a deputy in the office of the recorder of Marion county and in various city offices. He is forty-six years old, unmarried, and was educated at the Indiana School for the Deaf, being graduated from that institution in 1883.



HARRY C. ANDERSON



The Eastern Frats Meeting their Cleveland hosts at Cleveland Sunday, June 30th

# Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY from October to July inclusive, at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50 cents a year, invariably in advance. Liberal commission to subscription agents. Foreign subscriptions, 70 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES made known on application. The high literary character of the paper and its general appearance make it a valuable advertising medium. It reaches all parts of the United States and goes to nearly every civilized country on the globe.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SILENT WORKER is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.

ARTICLES FOR PUBLICATION should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS will not be returned unless stamp is enclosed.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to  
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

Vol. XXV. OCTOBER, 1912. No. 1.

Hail, scholastic term of 1912-1913.

OUR school is closing the third decade of its history.

WE had five representatives at the Providence conference, a goodly number, considering the time and distance, and all were well repaid for their trip.

THE picture of Mr. Lloyd, presented by the graduates of the school on Labor Day, is strikingly perfect, and the Pach Bros. of New York, who executed it, are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their work.

THE American delegates who attended the Parisian Conference during the summer are not altogether unstinted in their praise of the arrangements that were there made. They take exception especially to the fact that though it was a conference of the deaf, a steam-roller was started early in the proceedings and for a time the deliberations were controlled wholly by a little coterie of speaking gentlemen, who were there to run the whole machine. It does not seem to have lasted long, however, and the deaf members had no sooner sized up the situation than they "came into their own" with a rush.

THE whole philosophy, perhaps we may say, the religion of a large cult is now embodied in the words "don't worry," and the thought of the devotees of the philosophy is that, come what may, we should contemplate everything with cheerfulness and never fret. The doctrine sounds good and appeals to many, and yet is it not the quintessence of

selfishness and stagnation? Where there is no worry there is no inspiration and little activity.

The tropics are full of optimism. That's why there's nothing doing there. There's too much sunshine, comfort and easy picking. It takes frost and snow to make men hustle. And it is hustle that makes men.

It is quite the fashion these days to tell one another to cheer up, look pleasant, and all will be well. All is good, there is no evil, pain is nix, anguish is all in your eye. Maybe. But it grows monotonous. And it gets one nowhere.

The human mind does not comprehend perfection except through imperfections. Man never knew he had a stomach until it ached. We would not know happiness but for griefs. He who has been altogether glad is but half-made. He is incapable of realizing real gladness, just as one who has never seen the dark could not realize dark.

The fact is, sugar is good, but one can't stand too much of it; and when it is put in everything, soup, fish, meat and salad, it is trying, and there is a healthy demand for some vinegar. If one has no griefs and worries of his own, there are lots of other people's griefs and troubles to be shared. And the sharing of others' griefs is pretty good religion.

Don't grieve unless you must—but since you must grieve, remember that there is good even in grieving. Alas for him who is too blind to see that there is far more than grief in grieving.

There is no attaining without serious thought, and the one who does not worry, sooner or later recruits the ranks of the ne'er-do-wells. Show us a teacher of the deaf who does not fret a bit over her duties, and we will show you one that will never be of any earthly use in the work.

## The Montessori System

EVER and anon there rises upon the intellectual horizon a new star, a new scheme of education, far and away brighter than any that ever has risen before, one that seemed destined to outshine all others, and be the only one in all the coming years. The fate of pretty much all have been the same. Overshadowing all others for a brief time, and then, under the microscope of the teaching world, to be found full of "spots" and relegated to the realm of things that have been weighed in the balance and found not perfect.

This may even come to much of the famed Montessori System, at which not a few are already beginning to look askance. *The Educational News* strikes a note of conservatism in the following: The Montessori method continues to be a subject of vigorous discussion. The Bureau of Education has issued a pamphlet prepared by Miss Anna Tolman Smith. This pamphlet sets forth the essential practices of the Montessori school and gives a brief review of the method itself. A Committee consisting of members of the faculty and student body of teachers visited Rome for

the purpose of inspecting the schools. Committees from England have also inspected the schools. American travelers in Rome are said to congest the Montessori schools to such an extent that admission to the schools is being restricted. The apparatus which is supposed to make easy the introduction of the Montessori method is now on sale in this country at a price which seems to the casual observer to be considerably above the actual material value of the apparatus supplied. The public press is interested in reporting the monograph from the Bureau of Education, and the various discussions which are held at Mother's meetings and educational gatherings. In the meantime, there is a very distinct note of conservatism in the reports of trained observers who have seen the system in operation. Evidently the difference between an Italian school and an American school has not been properly evaluated by those who were at first most enthusiastic for this Montessori method. Sensory training which has been loudly praised as a part of the new method and has been referred to as the natural and legitimate application of Wundtian psychology, is certainly very far from the teachings of Wundt and his followers. The virtues of the Montessori system, or at least most of them, can be matched by equally efficient devices in American schools, without the introduction of the elaborate paraphernalia which is now regarded by some as necessary to the system as it comes from Italy. Another idol, to say the least, somewhat bent.

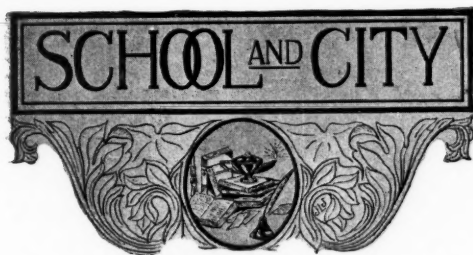
BASE-BALL may lose its interest, the re-union may no longer attract, even the moving-picture may fail to give the pleasure it once did, but the glories of the great Interstate will never pale with our little ones. Monday's break-o-day found them all agog, and, at nine o'clock, every tot was the guest of Mr. Margerum, at the fair grounds and, what joy for all! We scarce had time to see the wonderful exhibits, and they were the best the fair ever had, before we were called to the grandstand to witness the "aggregation of dazzling events." Then five hours of unalloyed pleasure; the horses, the athletics, the high diver, the grotesque dancing, the bicycle riding, the the balloon ascensions, the aeroplanes and the motor-cycle racing making a combination of events that appealed most strongly to the childish mind.

As an outing, it was fine; as an object lesson, splendid; as an intellectual treat even, it could scarce be excelled; in every way, a day of days.

BUT let the "every man" that your hand is against be the enemies that are within you. Seek out your own weaknesses and slay every one of them; and you will be busy enough without using a moment of your precious time in seeking the enemy that is in any other man.

MISS HELEN CH. VAIL, who was appointed Supervising Teacher by the Committee on the school, at its last meeting, has entered upon the duties of her position with zeal and interest, and doubtless will give added impetus to our work in all its branches.





Fair week.

Flying leaves.

Crowded dormitories.

No new buildings yet.

We had a fire-drill on Tuesday.

A score of applicants must wait.

October, the most beautiful of all the months.

The new sitting-room for the girls is a beauty.

The buildings and grounds never looked so attractive.

Just to think; two weeks of the new term gone already.

More improvements during the summer than ever before.

We are expecting to break ground for our new hall, every day.

Clementine Duber seems perfectly at home in her new surroundings.

The Industrial classes like the academic ones, are full to overflowing.

We received by express on Monday fifty more views for our stereopticon.

We all greatly miss the smiling faces of Frieda Heuser and Cornelia De Witte.

We all regret greatly to note the illness of Dr. Crouter of the Mount Airy School.

On the 15th we had not a child in the house. The 16th found us with over a hundred.

Earnest Leske arrived here on Tuesday and on Wednesday wanted to take up a trade.

John McNee knows Joe McGinnity the Iron Man, very well. Isn't that an honor though.

Both Coney Island and Atlantic City were on Vito Dondiego's itinerary during the summer.

Mildred Henemier and Perla Harris have each grown about an inch during the holidays.

Maude Thompson spent a few days with Francis Phalon during the summer.

It looks as if we would have to lose one of our English elms when our new building goes up.

The squirrels Jimmy and Jane are still about, despite all of the many attempts on their little lives.

Esther Woelper and May Lotz had a thousand interesting things to tell each other when they met on Monday.

At a party given by Mrs. Shaw during the summer Ruth Ramshaw, Cora Brede and John Garland all won prizes.

There'll be a big mortar bed just back of the boys' wing, in a few days, and then won't there be work for Miss Fitzpatrick.

The most enjoyable day of the summer to Frank Hoppaugh was one he spent with a party of his friends at Bever Lake.

Irvin Herrmann got a fine position during the summer and decided to hold it, when September came instead of returning to school.

We have an addition to our family this year in the person of Miss Julia Corey who was added to our teaching corps on the 1st of the month.

A set of Chinese books used in the education of the deaf were among the curiosities resurrected when the basement store-room was "gone over."

Pearla Harris, Lillian Leaming and Jemima Smith have an invitation from Pearl's cousin to visit the Normal School. They talk of going next Saturday.

A beautiful new linoleum for their sitting-room and a fine line of basket-ball and foot-ball supplies are among the recently acquired assets of the boys.

Vallie Gunn has sent word to the girls that they may use her wheel, if they will have it fixed up. Mr. Walker has promised to have the necessary repairs made.

Talking of the Venetian waterways, there could be nothing prettier than the views from the Hamilton Ave. bridge on our own canal, down along the Roebeling plant.

It is said that two hundred of the students at Princeton have their own machines. We cannot boast of quite so much luxury; but, four of our boys have "bikes."

Mary Sommers, Harriet Alexander, Pearl Harris, Hans Hansen, John Short, Gottfried Kreutler and Elias Scudder have been appointed monitors for the coming term.

One of the Phoebe birds dropped on the lawn with a broken wing, a few days ago, and five minutes afterwards was the victim of a neighbor's cat. Just how it broke its wing is a mystery we have not solved.

Wouldn't it be fine if our friends would all turn in and lend us their autos for one of these beautiful October afternoons? Here is a chance for Mr. Eldon to get busy.

George Bedford spent a part of his summer in New York, and a part in Connecticut, but the major portion in New Jersey.

Andrew Dziak worked in the Greenwood pottery for a time during the summer, but wisely decided to return to school on the 16th.

The boys from the northern part of the state were all strong adherents of the New York Giants and all are glad to see them win the pennant.

Eddie Edwards had a collision with an auto truck loaded with beer while at home. It is needless to say that Eddie got the worst of it. Eddie is all right now, however.

Owing to the continued illness of Miss Bousfield she was not able to return to her duties when school opened. We all greatly regret her absence and hope for her speedy return.

A fine large safe was installed in the office on Thursday. It was purchased through Mr. Harry Hearn, who is the Trenton representative of the makers, Herring, Hall, and Marvin.

We are again able to subscribe for our list of magazines and illustrated papers this fall, and there is no one thing that we have gotten which will add more to the pleasure of the children.

Miss Brian brought a hundred and fifty more "objects" for her case, upon her return from Europe in August. She has also added a full set of Northampton charts to her school-room accessories.

A moving-picture machine of the finest make was one of our acquisitions during the past month. It will be given its first try-out on the evening of the 10th, when teachers, pupils and assistants will hold a little re-union.

There are two new boys in the printing department. Harry Schornstein was listed for a place, but he returned late, and when he arrived it had been taken. However there probably will be room for him soon too.

We have concluded that the big flag-pole, destroyed by lightning last year, was unsightly, and no one wants it replaced. The flag-pole on the industrial department is a very nice one and all sufficient.

Owing to lack of space we have been able to admit but twelve new pupils this fall. Their names are Clementine Teuber, Earnest Leske, Dewey Davis, Stanley Lunkski, Alice Schmidt, Frances Schmidt, Matthew Growkwiski, John Growkwiski, Annie Steiner and Alice Lynch, and they are all fine children.

The Literary Society was reorganized by Mr. Porter and the pupils of the Senior Class on Saturday evening. In honor of the five superintendents who bear that name, they decided to call it the Walker Literary Society, and the following officers were elected:— President, Arthur Blake; Vice-President, Antonio Petoio; Secretary, Hans Hansen; Treasurer, George Bedford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Alfred Baimlin. A program consisting of debates, readings, mock trials, language, study, moving picture exhibitions and re-unions will be arranged by Saturday evening next and will be announced at that time.



WHEN THE LEAVES FALL THE PUPILS HAVE GRAND TIMES MAKING CAMPS AND WIGWAMS.

# THE LIFE OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE

*Published in French in book form By YVONNE PITROIS and translated for the SILENT WORKER by herself.*

*The Closing Chapter will be followed by regular monthly contributions by this clever deaf French author.*

## CHAPTER I.

THE YOUTH OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

*The present year—1912—brings forth to us the two-hundredth birthday of the first and best friend of the silent ones,—the good, devoted and kind-hearted Abbe de l'Epee. On this unique occasion, I wish to give to the deaf of the New World a complete account of the life and splendid work of our great benefactor, so that they may more fully join with us in our love and gratefulness towards him.*



**H**ARLES-MICHEL, the future Abbe de l'Epee, was born on November 24th, 1712, in the town of Versailles, near Paris, which was then the abode of the king and queen of France and their brilliant court. Many times, during his boyhood, he saw magnificent coaches, adorned with paintings and engraved pannel-windows, drawn along by four or six richly harnessed horses, led by coachmen with powdered wig, tumultuously passing on the paved high-road. Many times he met in the aristocratic streets great ladies attired in splendid garments of silk, satin and priceless lace, nobles and lords in embroidered clothes, with sheathed swords, proudly walking in their red-heeled shoes. During his walks, he often saw the royal palace, the city of white marble, the noble-looking gardens, the shadowy avenues, the green lawns of the park, the statues, the groups in marble and bronze adorning the basins. He admired the fairy spectacle of the "grandes eaux" (great waters) spouting seemingly like a myriad of fireworks, and glittering in the sunlight like streams of diamonds. How touching it is for the Deaf of the twentieth century, who are going on a pilgrimage to Versailles. "The Abbe de l'Epee has passed here. He has seen this!"

The house where our emancipator first saw the light of the day has been destroyed; a hospital has taken its place. On the doorway, one can read this inscription:

ON THIS SPOT WAS BUILT THE PATERNAL HOUSE OF THE ABBE DE L'EPEE. BORN IN VERSAILLES, ON NOVEMBER 24, 1712. FIRST TEACHER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB

The family of the Abbe de l'Epee was rather fortunate. His father, architect to the King, was a man of deep faith and strong principles, who gave to his children a most excellent education. The first years of the boy were spent peacefully and happily; the native qualities of his heart and soul rapidly developed in the favorable centre he lived in. Very studious by nature, he made excellent progress at the College of the Four Nations, a very fashionable one. He passed his examinations when he was but seventeen! The moment had come for him to choose a career. His father wished him to be a lawyer, but the youth's heart was filled by his most earnest love for God, and the most tender mercy for human miseries; so he declared that he was going to become a priest. He completed his theological studies. Unfortunately, when he was on the point to receive the holy orders, a serious difficulty presented itself. The Roman Catholic church was then troubled by the doctrines of Jansenism, to which adhered many great men of this epoch, even priests. To be sure this schism would not propagate itself in the ranks of the clergy, so the young priests were asked to sign, before their consecration, a paper by which they declared to deny every belief and dogma of Jansenism. The young de l'Epee, having consulted his conscience, felt he could not honestly sign this declaration, and refused to

do so to the detriment of the truth; as a consequence, the orders were denied to him.

He was obliged, then, to satisfy his family's wishes. He studied law with so much zeal, that he was inscribed as attorney to the Paris bar when only twenty-one years of age!

But this kind-hearted man, this true friend of peace, was ill at ease in a world of lawsuits, trials, criminal affairs; he suffered for not being able to give full vent to his passionate longing for love and devotion. In all leisure hours he applied himself to the study of theology, and made every effort to obtain the priesthood. He was fortunate enough to attain his end. A leader of the church, particularly the broad-minded Bishop of Troyes, noticed his qualities, his earnestness, and was moved by his



ABBE MICHEL DE L'EPEE  
1712—1789  
Founder of the Paris School.

strong desire to consecrate himself to the clerical life. He took him as his personal officiating priest, finally gave him the holy orders. The new Abbe de l'Epee was twenty-six.

The young priest exercised his tasks with the fervour of an apostle. He was at the height of felicity. To preach and practice the supreme law of "good-will towards men," to bring alms to the poor, remedies to the sick, comfort to the afflicted, was for him perfect happiness. His tender mercy refused to admit any barrier; he received with the same kindness, helped with the same devotion, people the most opposed, the most adverse to his opinions and belief.

His active career, unfortunately, was but a short one. His protector, the Bishop of Troyes, being dead, he was accused by envious people to be on friendly terms with eminent Jansenist persons. His archbishop blamed him several times, and finally suspended him of his pastoral duties.

The Abbe de l'Epee remained dismissed of his charge for several years,—very hard and painful ones indeed! Meanwhile, he always kept his clerical dress and the title of a priest, and, in his obliged retreat, he found his only comfort in doing the most good he could to every one.

By Providence's ways, the moment was close at hand where he would discover his real mission on earth, his life-work.

## CHAPTER II.

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE DISCOVERS A DEAF WORLD.

On a bright afternoon of the summer of 1760, the Abbe de l'Epee had an opportunity to go to a certain house of the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor, in Paris.

As he knew the people, he entered, after he had knocked at the door of the first room he came to.

In this room stood two girls of about fifteen, dressed in the simple, rather puritan manner of the women at that time: long plain dark-colored woolen dress, white handkerchief folded on the breast, muslin cap lightly arranged in round plaits.

They were sitting before a table, seaming some pieces of linen, so deeply absorbed in their work that they did not notice the Abbe's entrance. When he came nearer, one of them lifted her head, gave a start of surprise, and by way of warning nudged her companion, then both of them, without speaking a word, looked at the visitor with a strange mingling of amazement and sadness.

The Abbe de l'Epee, wishing to reassure them, saluted them with the kind, good-natured smile of his we see in all portraits of him.

"I beg your pardon, my young ladies," he said: "I fear I have come to the wrong door when I entered here; I am not familiar with the house; I came on business."

He made a slight pause, expecting an answer; but the two girls continued to peep at him silently, with their wide-open eyes, which were devoid of all expression, except a deep and painful melancholy.

How strange! thought the Abbe de l'Epee, quite amazed. What is the matter with these sisters? For they are sisters, and twin sisters; their likeness proclaims it. They do not seem to be hostile, nor impolite. Then, what is the cause of their silence? Why are they looking so sad? Have they some secret sorrow that I may perhaps alleviate?

And, with a fatherly kindness, he went on: "Don't think me to be indiscreet, my young ladies, but I should be very happy if Providence, by sending me here, had given me the opportunity to be of some use to you. It seems as if you are in great trouble. Can I do anything to help you?"

Certainly, the most indifferent, even the worst heart, would have been moved by this sweet, friendly voice! But, the two young ladies seemed as insensible as stones; no reflection of emotion, of gratefulness came to enlighten their dull faces, their eyes always fixed on the stranger with a gloomy surprise.

The Abbe stood still for a moment, then disconcerted, slightly displeased by this indifference, he made a movement to leave the room.

At this very minute, a lateral door opened, and a middle-aged woman, who apparently had been doing some cleaning in a side room, entered.

"Ah! Monsieur l'Abbe, she exclaimed, guessing at once what had happened, don't be offended with my daughters, poor ones! You have spoken to them, have you not? And they have answered nothing to you? Alas! It would be impossible for them to do so; they have not heard a single word of what you have said to them; they are deaf and dumb!"

"Deaf and dumb! repeated the Abbe de l'Epee," astounded.

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbe, deaf and dumb by birth!"

Every thing was made clear now, and the abbe, possessing the key to the mystery, gazed in his turn at the girls with a surprise mixed with compassion. Deaf and dumb, indeed! It was the first time in his life that he had seen such afflicted persons. He had



not even thought of such a gross misfortune; for at this epoch, to have in one's family unfortunate members stricken by this calamity was regarded as a curse from Heaven; their parents were ashamed of them; tried to hide them; often they were forsaken in the streets or confined in the darkest part of the habitations and forbidden to ever show themselves!

The mother of the twin girls, happily, was not so cruel. On the contrary, she loved them all the more because of their misfortune. And, seeing the sympathy of the good priest, she was happy to open her sorrowful heart to him.

"Oh! my poor darlings," she said, "it is dreadful! When I think that they can never call me by this blessed word, 'Mama,' the pride and joy of their mothers. They have hearts, however, which love me! They have minds, but their minds are sleeping a dull, heavy sleep. They have souls, though hidden in their inner selves. Yea, these minds, these souls exist. I know it; I have had the proofs of it. Oh! why did not God permit them to develop to the end? Why did he take away so soon the teacher that was on the point of relieving my daughters of their misfortune?"

"What do you mean, Madame?" asked the Abbe de l'Epee. "Has not someone taken care of these children?"

"Yes, Monsieur l'Epee. A priest of the Christian Doctrine, a very good and devoted man, Father Vanin. He was interested in my daughters; he intended to prepare them for the Holy Communion. With the help of some pictures—those which are lying on the table,—he tried to instil into their minds the essential ideas; he was on the point of succeeding."

"Well, Madame?"

"Well, Monsieur l'Epee, just when my daughters began to understand what he taught them Father Vanin died. My daughters have fallen back again into the dark, dark night of ignorance; they will remain as brutes; they will spend their lives as strangers in a strange land, alone amidst a wide, wide world of which they know nothing. Oh! my poor children, my dear little ones! I shall die of a broken heart!"

And the unhappy woman, bursting into tears, sank into a chair. The young girls had looked alternately at their mother and at the Abbe, with their deep sad eyes, as if they tried to understand their conversation. At this outburst of despair, with a sudden impulse, though not knowing why their mother was crying, they laid their charming heads on each of her shoulders, gently kissing her, carressed her, and mingled their tears with hers.

It was a most touching sight, this "Mater Dolorosa," pressing tenderly upon her bosom the two girls, doubly touched by their youthfulness and their affliction!

"Ah! Monsieur l'Abbe," uttered the mother between her sobs, "there are people pretending that the deaf and dumb are cursed, that after living their lives of misery, God will still refuse to receive them into Paradise. But I tell you that if God is as good as He is said to be, I believe and hope with all my soul. He loves these poor little ones because they need His love and mercy all the more!"

The Abbe de l'Epee was crying too, and did not pretend to hide the big, heavy tears that were rolling down his cheeks. It was all at once revealed to him how much distress, deprivation, suffering

and loneliness was meant by this fact: to be deaf and dumb.

Yes, surely, their mother was right. God loved these poor afflicted ones. He thought of them. He watched over them. But O! greatest of misfortunes!—they did not know Him, they never thought of Him, they did not know how sweet and comforting it is to speak to Him in prayer; they were condemned to spend their lives without the comfort, without the supreme hope Faith gives to the afflicted ones.

Did He remember, then, this saintly priest, that eighteen centuries before, the Master he loved and worshipped, our Lord Jesus Christ, moved by compassion, had sighed, when a deaf-mute had been brought to Him? Did he recall the word the Redeemer had uttered, saying to closed ears, and to sealed lips of the poor man: "Ephphatha"—Be opened?

The same sight of mercy and love that had swelled the divine heart aroused that of the Abbe de l'Epee. Without knowing it, in his turn, he uttered the blessed "Ephphatha" to thousands and millions of prisoners of silence. He rose, came nearer the desolate trio, and laid his two hands in blessing upon the heads of the mute girls.

"Madame," he said kindly, "be of good cheer! The compassion of Providence is infinite. God has taken away Father Vanin, but He sent me to you. I believe that, if I do not try to teach it to them, your children will live and die in the ignorance of their religion. I cannot even endure this thought. Bring them to me; I shall entirely consecrate myself to them, and I shall do all that I possibly can for them."

(To be continued.)

YVONNE PITROIS.

### Atlanta Deaf-Dumb Invents Telephone for Deaf and Dumb

A telephone for deaf or dumb people has been invented.

The inability to speak or hear is no longer a handicap so far as the use of the telephone is concerned, for a deaf-mute telephone has been invented by a deaf-mute who says, or signals, that the phone will work accurately, and quickly at all times.

Messages from one deaf-mute to another, or from an unaffected person to a deaf person will no longer be necessarily in writing or by signals. The deaf-mute telephone can be called into use. John H. Norris, a deaf-mute electrical engineer, who has been in Atlanta for the last five or six years, is the man who has perfected a telephone for his fellow unfortunates. He has been connected with many prominent electrical firms, and is known for his ingenious inventions. Though a young man, he has already invented a new type of motor for a motorcycle, and has perfected a number of other original ideas.

His telephone for deaf or dumb people is in reality a telegraph system controlled by lights instead of sounds. At each station is a board upon which are the letters of the alphabet, and numeral push buttons. The first is used for receiving, and the second for communicating. The cable connecting the telephones carries seventy-two wires from house to house and these transmit the messages.

In order to communicate a space button is touched

which causes a large lamp to glow, and a second signal tells when the desired person comes to the answering board. Then, by means of the boards, the conversation can be carried on. The inventor is sure that his idea is perfectly practicable, but thinks that it is rather expensive.

He has invented a call button for deaf persons who sleep alone in order that they may know when someone desires entrance to the house. Upon the caller pressing the button at the front door lights will become illuminated in all rooms and notify the inmate. A vibrator alarm clock is another idea of Mr. Norris. This is attached to the bed, and governed by electricity.—*The Atlanta Constitution*.



MISS ETHEL COLLINS AT BARNEGAT BAY

### A Deaf and Dumb Brakeman

For many years there was employed in the Bangor end of the Portland division of the Maine Central Railroad a deaf and dumb brakeman. In the years that I knew him he was on the most particular part of a freight train—the head end. That was back in the 80's.

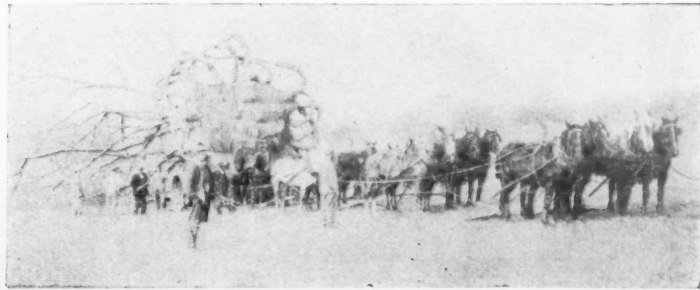
His run was from Bangor to Waterville and return, on a local freight, and his conductor was the late Dan Westcott. Many wondered how he could make himself understood and also understand the orders that were given him.

This was done by signs. He always worked with the same crew. The men got accustomed to him, and could do their work as quickly as if he had the use of all his faculties. He was always on the watch.

Those were the days of hand-brakes and link-and-pin couplings. No matter what part of the train he might be on, he would always know when they whistled for brakes and would be the first man on the job. He could tell instantly when a train broke apart. He was always very fortunate about accidents and proudly pointed to his complete equipment of fingers—something old freight brakemen could seldom do. Only once in the years I knew him was he hurt. It was nothing serious—just a finger pinched a little.

He was called "Dummy." I doubt if many knew his real name. He went on his last long run some years ago. —*The Railroad Man's Magazine*.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., August 27.—Leslie Adams, of Logansport, who represented himself to be deaf and dumb, grinned foolishly at police detectives on realizing his mistake of jumping when a revolver was exploded just behind him. As a result, Adams, who says he is a member of a respectable Logansport family, must stand trial here on a charge of larceny by trick. The complaint against him is that he circulated a paper, asking for subscriptions that he might complete his course in a bookkeeping school. The paper contained a statement from a certain preacher named C. W. Thomas, of Logansport, who recommended that every one give liberally to the young man. For three days, young Adams was silent, pretending he could not hear or talk. The revolver experiment unnerved him to such an extent that he confessed. The police say there is no preacher named Thomas at Logansport, also that Adams collected more than \$500 here "to finish his education." —*Indianapolis News*.



MOVING BIG TREES AT THE CELEBRATED HICK NURSERIES, WESTFIELD, STATEN ISLAND, NEWYORK.

# MY SILENT PARTNER



NEVER see a deaf and dumb man," said the engineer of the dredge, retrospectively, "without thinking of Charley Cassilear. In thirty years I've had to do with all sorts of men and machinery, good bad and indifferent. About some things my memory's pretty hazy, but I'll never forget the scrape I got into when I was master mechanic of the Record King hematite-mine in the Marquette region, with Charley as assistant.

"Charley was just turned twenty-one; he was literally a 'silent partner,' being, as I have said, deaf and dumb. 'Twas a bad handicap, but he had brains and grit for a dozen. He knew more about boilers and steam-pumps than any two ordinary mechanics. I guess he put into study and thought the hours men with ears and tongues waste in talk that doesn't amount to anything. He was quick, too; drop him into a hard place, and he always fell on his feet.

"Well, Charlie and I slid along comfortably for two years. We had our signal code, and understood each other perfectly. When a man's working about machinery, actual working, mind you, not loafing, it's surprising how little real need he has of his tongue.

"One cool Saturday night late in September the Number 6 Knowles pump in shaft 3 went on a strike. It was a hurry call for a doctor; so just before midnight Ferguson, the engineer, shot Charley and me to the bottom of the shaft in the ore-bucket.

"A hundred yards along the main drill, a right angled turn, forty more through a cross drift, and we hit the winze.

"At its end lay the well, ten feet square and twenty deep, half-full of black water, with a plank running over it to a niche where the pump was placed. I started across, Charley close behind.

"Now accidents happen five hundred feet underground as well as at the surface. I could almost put my hand on the pump when a little rock slipped out from under the plank end, and the plank tipped a bit. Of course I didn't want to be dumped into the pit, so I jumped for the ledge, forgetting for the second that the top of the niche was lower than that of the winze." I was reminded of it pretty quick.

"Bang!" It seemed as if a pile-driver hit me. I tumbled backward in a rain of fire-works, and went down into the water.

"I caught a sideways glimpse of the pump jumping for the roof. In the polished back mirror leaping to meet me were two men, candles in caps, tool-bags around necks, arms outstretched. Then with a mighty splash the glass shattered into a million pieces, and I plunged through it into icy ink.

"For a little while I thrashed about under the surface, almost stunned. Soon, however, the cold water brought me to and I realized that the stars I saw were in my head, and not outside. I threw the toolbag off my neck, began to paddle, and came quickly up. My hands touched iron; it was the three-inch suction-pipe of the pump.

"My skull was splitting. What had hit me? At first I thought I had been struck from behind. But I felt a lump on my temple instead of on the back of my head. Then I understood. "Beside me rose a man wheezing and splashing. Charley had fallen in, too. I reached out, clutching a shoulder and dragged him to the pipe. There we clung silently, neck deep, figures locked around the chill

iron. I never knew before that it could be so utterly dark.

"Drip-drip-drip! Save for that absolute stillness. Drip-drip-drip! It was no place for warm blooded mortals. We must bestir ourselves.

"The pump was but ten feet above. We must climb the pipe. I groped for Charley's fingers and put them on my lips; he could read the words and as I shaped them, though he could not hear.

"I'm going to climb the pipe. Follow me." "He tapped my arm three times in sign that he understood. Then he pushed off to give me free space for climbing.

"Twisting my legs around the pipe, I took hold high above, and partly raised my body. A few efforts should bring me to the elbow, where the tube turned at right angles and ran in horizontally toward the pump. But the iron was oily, and had, besides, that greasiness which hematite imparts to everything round it. I was just clear of water when back I splashed.

"Again I tried! and again and again. I was like a frog in the well that slipped back two steps for every three he took. Only I was doing worse than he, for I was making no gain whatever.

"In that pitchy little pocket a tenth of a mile under the tree roots, with the engine-room so far off that our loudest shout was as helpless as the faintest whisper to reach Ferguson, we were absolutely dependent upon ourselves.

"Numbness was creeping over me. I felt that we had exhausted every resource. But it seemed ridiculous for two able-bodied men to drown in a hole like that. I have seen tough steamboating on the lakes, and here I was in deadly peril from a few hogs heads of water.

"As I hung there in gloom, feeling pretty blue, Charley clawed my sleeve excitedly. He had a plan. What could he be?

"Patting my arm in sign that I should wait, he pushed away from the pipe. He could swim like a pike. I heard a splash; then silence. Charley had gone down. Why?

"I waited. Seconds passed unbroken save for that drip-drip-drip! I imagined that I could feel the water-currents against my body. Still he stayed down. I began to grow anxious. Something must have happened to him. What if he never came up. I should go stark mad alone in that blackness.

"Suddenly I heard the low bursting of air-bubbles. Wavelets lapped the walls. Charley was coming up.

"There was a little splash, like a fish breaking water, and I heard him puffing. A moment later he had hold of the pipe. He pressed my arm twice, whatever it was he wanted, he had not got it yet.

"For a while he clung there, breathing hard. Then down he went again. What in the world could there be at the bottom that would help us to escape? I hoped he hadn't gone crazy.

"He stayed longer than before. Exploring ten feet under water couldn't be much fun. But at any rate it couldn't be any darker there than it was at the top. The deepest spot was right under the pipe. I felt something striking against it and knew he was fumbling round there. Then his head touched my foot, and up he popped, gasping.

"He was almost played out, but he pressed my arm three times, and chuckled. So I knew he did get it. He pressed my hand against something, and I saw what he had been after—his tool-kit.

"Fingers had to take the place of eyes, ears and tongue. He hung the bag round my neck, and began fumbling in it. Pretty soon he let me feel that monkey-wrench tied on the end of a coil of small rope. He made motions, as if throwing the wrench up in the air; and at last I understood his scheme, and grew as excited as he.

"If that wrench could be tossed over the elbows of the pipe, so that the rope would hang down on each side, we could easily pull ourselves up.

"But it was not the easiest thing to do in that pitchiness. The wrench, too, if it dropped on a man's skull, would crack it like crockery. So when Charley got ready to make his cast, he motioned me away, and I swam over to the other side of the pit.

"Swish! went the rope, and then kling! rang the wrench on the pipe, a second later it splashed into the water. Failed!

"Charley tried it seven times, and seven times it fell back. I heard it go up the eighth, and then the rope began to brush softly. Presently, tick! tick! tick! Charley snapped his fingers against the pipe, to signal that it had caught.

"You can guess it did not take me long to get across the pit. Charley insisted that I should go up first. So squeezing the rope together between both hands and twisting my legs round the pipe, I hoisted myself carefully. I was close to the elbow when the rope suddenly slipped off.

"Back I fell, striking Charley on the shoulders and driving him under water". It was a wonder I did not break his neck. As it was, it hurt his arm so he could not throw, and I had to see what I could do.

"I don't know how many times I tried before the wrench went over. But at last it did, and I paid out the rope inch by inch till I had both parts in my hands. This time I worked it well back toward the pump and went up very carefully. Soon I was safe on the ledge, and it wasn't long before Charley stood beside me.

"You may guess we didn't try to cross that plank until we had made it perfectly safe by putting rocks under it, one at a time, felt our way back to the shaft and rang for Ferguson. After he had hoisted us up, and we'd dried off in the engine room, we went down again and fixed the pump.

"That time we were mighty careful not to tumble into the well."—*Albert W. Tolman in Youth's Companion.*

## TRENTON ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson tendered Mrs. Lloyd and daughter Catherine a little party just before their departure for the West.

During the summer Mrs. Bowker vacated in South Jersey. Mrs. Bennison went to New York. Mrs. Stephenson and little daughter Marjorie took in Spring Lake, while Mr. and Mrs. Porter and daughter Cornie enjoyed the cool ocean breezes at Asbury Park.

Miss Ethel Collins vacated at her home in Barnegat.



## Federation

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, Sept. 1, 1912.

MR. OLOF HANSON,  
President N. A. D.,  
SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR SIR:—I was in receipt of your favor of July 20th. Permit me to reply to your observations.

"As its Acting President you offer to negotiate for a merger with the N. A. D. on condition that the title shall be the American Federation of the deaf."

You are referred to the Webster Dictionary for the definition of the word *negotiate*: "to hold intercourse respecting a treaty, league or convention; to treat with respecting peace or commerce; to conduct communications or conferences."

The consummation can be brought about only by the N. A. D. in a regular meeting, for it is unnecessary to point out that you are not the Association. Intercourse is common between nations before the matter is finally referred to their legislative bodies for action. Thus, Taft negotiated for reciprocity with Canada before the question was submitted to a vote. The Colorado Springs Convention had said that you could go about the Federation business, and to refuse so simple a request for a negotiation as is done in this instance, is another lamentable example of the waste of time.

Even the fact that I addressed a letter to you in July and you answered and I once more am writing to you, is in itself an act of negotiation. I am pleased with the request. You do not attempt to play the part of the politician and pretend to be interested in the negotiations, till just before a convention meets; you simply refuse to come to any understanding. I am pleased with your letter. It would have been impolite for me to ignore you. Having done my part, I can now be free to refer the matter directly to the members of the N. A. D. at Cleveland.

"In the absence of any information as to the plan, purpose, and organization of the Federation I cannot form any opinion as to the desirability of such a merger."

It would have been much more proper for you to have ascertained the "plan, purpose and organization" of a Federation at the time or before the Colorado Springs Convention passed the association in favor of Federation.

When the Independence League was started, you wrote to me and inquired if there were any reasons why you could not be a member of that organization. Now, one of the purposes of the League was to bring about the establishment of the federate system. Did you, at that time, pause to ask what the "plan, purpose and organization" of the Federation were to be? Why not?

To be concise, the purpose of the Federation is to run along the same lines as those of the N. A. D. Only the Federation will be a bigger organization and have bigger facilities, as you know very well with your constant and, I am afraid, ineffectual cry of "more members more money." It is almost pitiful to see a national officer like Treasurer Freeman try to keep tract of members throughout the country. Such duties should be left to State or local societies. For example, consult the N. F. S. D., of which it seems you are a member.

"The condition which you propose, however, that the N. A. D. should drop its name and adopt that of the Federation, is preposterous. The N. A. D. has existed for over thirty years, and its name is known the world over."

I may be mistaken but my impression is that you are a graduate of a college which, after an existence of thirty years, changed its name without injury to its prestige or standing.

"The Federation is an unknown quantity, and has yet to prove that it is based on practical lines."

Can you rightfully and truthfully say that Federa-



PICNIC GROUP, MINNEAPOLIS ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, ANTLER'S PARK, 1912.

tion is impracticable? You get up in the morning, go about your business and at last retire in the evening under Federation, and I doubt now but that you expect to die under the same Federation, for are not the United States a federation? If the U. S. are good enough to exist more than 100 years on a federation plan, is not the same plan good enough for us deaf-mutes? Please do not fall into the mistake of supposing that you are to have the same elaborate system or to proceed on the same theory that a society can come in but never go out.) This is an age of Federation, as witness federations of churches, labor, arts and so on.

"I have no authority to surrender the title of the N. A. D."

You have none, for you are not the Association. I am glad to note that you are improving, for it is not long ago that you claimed authority to make strange rulings. It is, however, unfortunate that you did not, in the first place, inquire into the meaning of the word *negotiate*.

"And even if I had, I would not consider it for one minute."

This language is ill advised. One would infer that if a convention orders you to do anything, you would refuse to do so.

"If you have any practicable ideas for the advancement of the N. A. D. and the cause of the deaf in general, I shall be glad to consider them at any time."

The N. A. D. cannot advance. It is useless to submit practical ideas, if any, for your N. A. D. for the N. A. D. is *fundamentally* impracticable. It is founded on an impracticable basis. Deaf-mute nature and habits, distance, the organic laws of the society and the experience of thirty years are against its practicability—against all and any expectation that it will ever attain to a large and healthy growth. Though it has existed for thirty years and you, as president, have used all assiduity, you can barely muster a roster of one hundred members (see the latest report of Treasurer Freeman), and it will be always so, for the defect is in the system. When you became president two years ago, you most likely harbored the belief that you are in possession of some superior plan and that you would surprise us with a wonderful record, but if there were any such hopes, time is fast demolishing them. Will you and your associates be so manly as to come out into the open and say that it is so?

The news from the American delegates to the Paris Congress are beginning to arrive. The "colossal farce" of Paris is but a repetition of the Congress held by the deaf of Italy at Rome (or was it

Turin?) several years ago. The Italian congress was ridiculed at the time, and we had supposed that the poor management was due to the deaf's want of familiarity with such a business. But, since the Paris Congress is an exact duplicate of the Rome fiasco, we were driven to the conclusion that what is called a "disgraceful interference," was really a part of a program—a deeply laid plot to throw the pliant deaf into confusion and bring discredit on their federations. The oralists object to deaf-mute gatherings and would make it a part of their business to discourage congresses and conventions in the future, whence their insolent attitude at Paris, which was perhaps in accordance with a set purpose approved by the high-ups.

Those portents in the European sky, as well as the recent occurrences in our own states, such as Nebraska, California and New York, warn us that it is time to act and have a larger national organization, preferably on the federation plan. We want no "branches," no chapters, no pendant bodies. The state associations and societies shall remain independent organizations, acknowledging the presence of a central government only for the purpose of giving it moral and material support and no more. The societies cannot become parts of the N. A. D. and the N. A. D. retain its title, for there cannot be an association of associations.

The oralists do not fear the N. A. D. They look on it rather as a nuisance, a troublemaker possessing a certain capacity for rendering or annoying them in their work. But they will fear the day when the deaf will prevent a solid and united effort under intelligent leadership. They will fear the Federation and I doubt not will do all they can to discourage the idea of having the societies come together under one government. *Does it not, therefore, follow that every deaf-mute who opposes Federation, is either an unconscious, secret or open ally of oralism?* Whoever attacks Federation, pulls down the deaf, helps oralism.

Please do not consider this letter a bid for a strife. I do not want to quarrel with you. Federation has come to stay. Your friends, Mr. Hodgson and Dr. Fox, in whose estimation you stand high, had opined that the N. A. D. ought not to be ignored. Since you are president, I could not very well overlook you, and I have three times gone to you, first as the president of the California Association, interested in the Colorado resolution, then as the chairman of the committee in charge of the Interstate Convention and finally as the acting president of the new American Federation. Having officially done with you, I can only send you personal greetings and wish you health and prosperity.

Yours truly,

DOUGLAS TILDEN,  
Acting President N. F. D.



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.

**M**RS. ANN P. COULTER passed away peacefully on the morning of Wednesday, September 4th, 1912, after a lingering illness. Her death cast a deep gloom among the older deaf of the city by whom she was best known, loved and respected. She was one of the few surviving members of the old Foster regime, the passing of which marked a new era in the policy of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb by a gradual change of the old method of instruction, from the Combined Method to the Pure Oral. And great as has been the change to this day, after an elapse of about thirty years, there are those of us who look back to the old way with the dearest recollections and would fain be converted to the new order of things even now.

Mrs. Ann P. Coulter was born in Wales, England, in 1837, and came to America with her parents in the year 1841. They first settled at St. Clair, near Pottsville, Pennsylvania, where some others of the family had located. At five years of age, she contracted scarlet-fever, which resulted in total deafness. Her parents removed to Minersville, Schuylkill County, and at eleven years of age she entered the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mr. Hutton, principal.

She married Thomas H. Coulter, a draughtsman for the Reading Railroad Company, and four children, two sons and two daughters, resulted from the union. Some time after her husband's death she was appointed a teacher in her *Alma Mater*. Both of the sons had died, but her daughters are still living; they are Mrs. Mary ———, who has been living in the West for a long time, and Miss Annie B., now Mrs. Joseph G. Salmon, who until a few years ago taught in the public schools of Philadelphia.

Those who remember Mrs. Coulter agree that she was a kind, able and good teacher. Being herself deaf, she was better able to understand the needs of her pupils and to sympathize with their shortcomings; and exceptionally good sign-user, which counts a great deal in the instruction of the deaf; and her refined hearing won not only the love and respect of her pupils but of all those who came into contact with her. One of her best known characteristics was the pleasant expression with which she greeted every one, whether it were her superior or the humblest deaf person, maintaining it unto her death.

When the change at the school above referred to occurred, Mrs. Coulter and several others of the older teachers retired from the service of the Institution. From that time she resided with her daughters.

Mrs. Coulter's illness was of a changeable nature, prolonged and at times so serious as to cause her daughters and friends great anxiety, but crisis after crisis was passed showing her to possess wonderful vitality. She, however, suffered a long and tedious confinement. What a joy her faithful daughters, who lavished every attention, care and comfort upon her, must have been to her throughout the trying period! To this more than to anything else we believe is due the fact that her life was prolonged beyond the allotted time, seventy-five. However, great as was their filial love, they could not stay the hand of Time and the spirit finally took its flight.

The funeral was held on the evening of Septem-

ber 6th from her late home, 1701 Mt. Vernon Street, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, officiating. A number of deaf paid their last respects to the dead. The interment was in Pottstown, Pa.

After spending a most enjoyable summer in Wildwood, N. J., Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer were suddenly called home and found unpleasant news awaiting them. Their house had been entered in the upper story and robbed and, upon discovery the police wired them. It was just a day before their intended return but they returned immediately. They found every thing turned topsy-turvy, but, as the burglar seemed to want jewelry and money only, little was taken. The adjoining house of a young married couple, however, fared much worse.

The report of the proceedings of the Wilkes Barre Convention is already in the hands of the printer and may be out early in October. Did you ever doubt that the P. S. A. D. was in for business?

Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., is arranging a ball or dance for January 31st, 1913. It will be the first event of the kind by the deaf of Philadelphia in many years. If our deaf wish to enjoy good times they should help to make this event a success and thus insure more such affairs in future.

During the summer a firm of architects, which has a reputation for designing church buildings, has been drawing the plans for All Souls' new church and parish-house. It is expected that these plans will be acted upon this Fall and work will be started as soon as possible. On December 8th, 1913, All Souls' Church will have existed twenty-five years. It would be a good idea to have the new church consecrated on the twenty-fifth anniversary.

### The Son of Russia's Czar said to be Deaf and Dumb

The life of the Royal Family of Russia is not a bed of roses at the best of times. Surrounded by enemies, spies, and murderously inclined anarchists, fawned on by smooth-tongued courtiers, too often not to be trusted, bound down and fenced in by cast-iron etiquette, shut off, as it were, from all the freedom, the elasticity, and the careless happiness of common humanity, the Czar's family are indeed more to be pitied than envied.

The Czar himself, popularly regarded either as a sanguinary despot, or as a miserably neurotic individual—swayed easily by brutal advisers, is, it is pleasant to note, revealed in a much more human and altogether more refreshing light in a book recently published by one who was a governess at the Russian Court for six years. It is refreshing to know that the Emperor of All the Russians is really a gentle and charming person, romping light-heartedly with his children, loved by his family circle—a kind, courteous gentleman—very far removed from the despot we had been taught to picture him.

The book gives us illuminating glimpses of the simple tastes and habits of the Russian Royal Family, and of their mutual affection and simple unpretentious home-life.

Charged with the terrible weight of the Crown, bearing the tremendous responsibility of upholding the dynasty, who can envy the little ones born into such a circle?

The Russian individual is in reality a most simple, child-like person, full of a deep faith in the Almighty, and of a desire to make the best of life. The superstition of the race is something to be amused at—and to marvel at.

The baptismal function of a Royal child in Russia is something to remember. The ceremony lasts a couple of hours, and is attended by foreign ambassadors and the leading dignities of the Empire—to say nothing of the Empress' 500 "demoiselles

d'honneur," and a crowd so vast that it has to be kept in order outside of the Church by squads of Cossacks.

When the long-haired, long-bearded priests had dipped the little Grand Duchess Maria thrice in the font, we learn that "her hair was cut in four places in the form of a cross. What was cut off was rolled in wax and thrown into the font. According to Russian superstition, the good or evil of the child's life depends on whether the hair sinks or swims. Little Marie's hair sank at once, so there is no need for alarm concerning her future."

There is tragedy in all this.

What destiny awaits these little ones no man can foretell. Whether they perish by the assassin's bomb, or live out their days in the prison-house of the Court, it is certain that they would willingly exchange their lot for that of a happy, free, common child.

Reading this book, we are reminded of the fact that the Czar and Czarina prayed for a son, and four times their hopes—and indeed the hopes of all Russia—were dashed to the ground.

At length, however, in the midst of one of the greatest crises through which the nation has passed, while the heart of the race was sorely bleeding at the news from the far East of defeat after defeat—the long hoped for heir arrived; and through the storm of war and rebellion at home, the joyous bells rang out the proclamation of all their hopes.

Never did a child receive greater attention. His mother nursed him herself, and had all the devotion and care possible from the best physicians and hygienic experts.

But affliction has no respect for persons, and the highest in the world have their share equally with the humblest.

From the very first the little Czaritch was a puny, sickly child.

The little one seemed to his nurse to be very slow in his development, but there is worse to follow.

Rumor—many tongued and lying jade as she is at times—says that the little Czaritch is deaf and dumb.

If the stories which leak out are true, when the time arrived at which children usually take notice of voices, this little one gave no indication that he heard, and at the age when most children begin to prattle, his lips remained mute, and only by the wide stare of his large, serious eyes did he appear to notice what was being taking place around him.

These may be—we hope they are—false reports. The little one's life will not be too bright under the most favorable conditions—destined, as he is, to preside over a country which is the hotbed of strife, anarchy, and rebellion.

### A Correction

In her sketch of Mrs. Agatha Tiegell Hanson published in your May (?) 1911 issue, Mrs. A. K. Bartlett says: "Together with the lamented Mrs. May Martin Stafford she (Mrs. Hanson) planned and organized the O. W. L. S. Society and was its first president." The facts—I have known them from Mrs. Stafford herself as well as from others, among them one of the first "Owls" who called my attention to the above statement while I was in the South recently—are, Mrs. Stafford herself first planned the society, first gave it its name and was the first president. And when she told me how she planned and organized the O. W. L. S., she never mentioned Mrs. Hanson as having any more prominent part in it than any of the rest.

Obviously it was Mrs. Hanson's place to correct Mrs. Bartlett's statement and thus disclaim credit which did not belong to her, but no correction has ever been made.

H. L. STAFFORD.

DULUTH, MINN.

Everything worth while means toil and sacrifice and many discouragements and defeats. We came to June by way of March.





By Jay Cook Howard, Duluth, Minn.

[Copies of the l. p. f. forwarded to Mr. Howard will be greatly appreciated by the Publisher.]

**D**URING the early part of the year 1912 a good deal was to be seen in the l. p. f. concerning the monument at Hartford erected in honor of the elder Gallaudet. Early in the spring it was our lot to inspect this monument and we believe it is the consensus of opinion of those who have seen it that the most valuable portion of the entire structure, and the only portion that should be carefully preserved is the marble tablet of Gallaudet and his first class of deaf children, illustrated herein.

This is said to be a remarkably fine piece of work and while not "long" on art we were attracted by the very fine expression portrayed on the features of Gallaudet. This tablet is rapidly crumbling under the attack of the harsh New England weather and cracks are spreading across its face. It has been suggested that it be removed and placed in the museum of arts in Hartford and that when the monument is rebuilt, a bronze copy be used. We do not know who is the proper authority to take action in this matter. As near as we can make out, the deaf people of the country went down into their jeans and produced the wherewithal to erect this monument. The authorities of the Hartford School allowed them to place it on the grounds of the school and as there was no one to claim its ownership it was allowed to fall to pieces. We believe it was not formally dedicated to the school or accepted by the trustees and as those who contributed toward its erection were scattered over the country with no central organization to give the matter attention, it was just sort of left standing there until it crumbled. Since the National Association of the Deaf has been appealed to it seems fitting that the President of the Association assume authority and order the tablet removed to a place where it can be preserved and the place cemented up until such time as the monument can be re-built. It certainly should not be allowed to be exposed to the injurious effects of another winter.

While speaking of Hartford it occurs to us that it may be of interest to go back into "ancient history" for a moment and mention a fund of \$300,000 that is in the hands of the trustees of this institution. In days gone by our fathers believed that the Hartford School would be all sufficient for the education of the deaf of the whole United States and the National Government awarded the school a tract of land in—we believe Oklahoma. In course of time this land was sold for \$300,000 and the money is now invested in interest bearing securities and the proceeds go toward the maintenance of the school.

We understand that the National Association of the Deaf is to raise the money to restore this monument. It might be well to ascertain if the Trustees of the Hartford School will accept the restored monument as a gift from the Association and henceforth and for ever maintain it and keep it in repair. If they refuse to do so, it might be as well to let this statue be removed from the grounds and the proceeds for its restoration be devoted to a new statue to be placed on the grounds of the State House at Hartford and donated to the State of Connecticut.

Possibly, if the matter is brought to their attention, the good people of Connecticut will feel that their State is sufficiently wealthy to meet the cost of

THE BAS-RELIEF  
OF THE  
GALLAUDET STATUE  
AT  
HARTFORD, CONN



the education of their deaf children with the assistance of the \$300,000 fund contributed by the National Government and in addition to that spend a dollar or two a year in maintaining a monument donated by the deaf people of the country. "A stitch in time saves nine."

The statue must be restored. We can not allow the memorial to our great first teacher to fall to pieces but we should have some assurance that the restored monument will be preserved.

— \* —

They say that in this country every thing is new, that we lack the sacred traditions that only great age can bring. While we may be able to point to a certain spot and say it was here that Adam turned his first spade full of earth after being cast from the garden of Eden, one interested in the education of the deaf can not feel he is treading on hallowed ground when he enters the old Hartford School. This feeling is intensified if he is privileged to mount the platform in the chapel. Judging from appearances the same old boards that Gallaudet, the father, and the later, the son, that Clerc and others of our patron saints stood upon to dispense wisdom and cultivate the infant mind, are still in use and doing good service. It has been our privilege and pleasure to address school children from many of the chapel platforms throughout the schools of the land but on no occasion were we more impressed with the "atmosphere" than when we stood upon this small and ancient rostrum where had stood the pioneers of deaf-mute education in America, the greatest in the world. We were better able to appreciate Ruskin's remark to the effect that he could not conceive of living in a country where there were no ancient castles. The finely arranged auditoriums of the newer schools are more beautiful and better appointed in every way but do not produce the quiver in the muscles of the legs that one must feel when he is holding down old boards that were held down by men now dead whom we all remember with reverence.

At the Hartford School there is an old chair that was used by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. It is kept in the office of the Superintendent and every pilgrim to the shrine should feel that it is incumbent upon him to seat himself in this chair. If he lacks imagination the chair will feel about as any good hard wooden seated chair will feel, but if he thinks of all this chair implies he will prefer it to the most comfortably upholstered seat in Christendom.

— \* —

The Editor of the *Observer* is evidently anxious to "start something." In a recent number he asks who is to be the next president of the N. A. D. The *Observer* has been quite a staunch supporter of its husband, Mr. Hanson, during his administration and we really were surprised to see that it was taken for granted that Mr. Hanson would be re-elected for another term as a fitting endorsement of his administration. Sure, we know he has stepped on the toes of every political "boss" in deaf and dumbdom and the things that have been said about him have been a few and fervid. But, just stop a moment. He has been right on the job ever since his election. Nothing in the interest of

the deaf has seemed to escape his attention and he has somehow found time to do an immense amount of work for the Association and for the Deaf. His fight in their interest has been as broad as the country. He has an independent position and his early experience as a teacher well qualifies him to speak on "methods." He has been truly energetic and we believe it is safe to say that no president of the Association in recent years has done as much for the deaf. We believe he should be re-elected by acclamation. In most of the stands he has taken he has been fundamentally RIGHT although he has not been particularly tactful in accomplishing his ends. But if he has been *Right* and *Has* accomplished the proper results, what matters a little lack of tact?

All of the politics of the country should not be left to T. R. Come on, all ye bloody politicians, jump up, wake up, throw your hats in the ring and whoop.

JAY COOKE HOWARD.

#### THE TELEPHONE

BY CLARA A. MILLER

The neighbors all are talking  
Of putting in a phone.  
'Twill be so nice and handy  
When a body's all alone.

Just to take up the receiver  
And place it to the ear  
And hold a conversation  
With the neighbors far and near.

And I feel somewhat dejected,  
In fact, I've almost cried,  
When I've thought of all the blessings  
Of which I am denied.

Then a gentle voice has whispered  
In a sweet and silvery tone,  
'Why not write and tell the people  
Of another telephone?"

A 'phone which monopolies  
Can never get control.  
A line runs to heaven  
And is anchored in the soul.

On it all griefs and sorrows  
And petitions you may phone;  
And they'll, every one, go upward  
To the Master on the throne.

In whose great and loving kindness  
We may all our secrets trust,  
And to him make all confessions  
For we know that He is just.

I, myself, now often use it  
When I am all alone;  
And talk with my good angel  
Through this heavenly telephone.

## B. F. KEITH'S THEATRES

*Playing The Keith Vaudeville  
Standard of The World.*

### DIRECTORY OF THEATRES

B. F. KEITH'S Union Sq Theatre, B'dway & 14th St.  
Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Colonial " B'dway & 63 & 64 Sts.  
Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Alhambra " 7th Ave. & 125th St.  
Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Bronx " Highclass Vaudeville  
B. F. KEITH'S Harlem Opera House, 125th St. & 7th Ave.

#### Brooklyn

B. F. KEITH'S Orpheum Theatre  
B. F. KEITH'S Bushwick Theatre  
B. F. KEITH'S Greenpoint Theatre  
B. F. KEITH'S Novelty Theatre  
B. F. KEITH'S Crescent Theatre

#### Other Cities

B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Boston  
B. F. KEITH'S New Theatre, ..... Philadelphia  
B. F. KEITH'S Hippodrome, ..... Cleveland  
B. F. KEITH'S Prospect Theatre, ..... Cleveland  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Columbus  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Toledo  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Cincinnati  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Louisville  
B. F. KEITH'S Grand Opera House, ..... Indianapolis  
B. F. KEITH'S Bijou Theatre, ..... Boston, Mass.  
B. F. KEITH'S New Theatre, ..... Portland, Me.  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Lowell  
B. F. KEITH'S New Theatre, ..... Manchester, N. H.  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Jersey City  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Providence  
B. F. KEITH'S Theatre, ..... Pawtucket

## F. F. Proctor's Theatres

*WORLD'S BEST VAUDEVILLE*

### Directory of Theatres:

Proctor's 5th Ave.—Broadway and 28th Street. All Star Vaudeville. Twice Daily. Two Big Concerts Every Sunday.

F. F. Proctor's 23rd Street Theatre. { Continuous 11 A.M.  
F. F. Proctor's 125th Street Theatre. { to 11 P.M. Refined  
F. F. Proctor's 58th Street Theatre. { Vaudeville changed  
Monday and Thursday. Latest Photo Plays Changed Daily.

F. F. Proctor's New Theatre, ..... Newark, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Park Place Theatre, ..... Newark, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Lyric Theatre, ..... Newark, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Bijou Park, ..... Newark, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Albany, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Bijou Park, ..... Albany, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Annex, ..... Albany, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Troy, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Lyceum Theatre, ..... Troy, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Cohoes, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Jersey St. Theatre, ..... Elizabeth, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Broad St. Theatre, ..... Elizabeth, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Plainfield, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Opera House, ..... Plainfield, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Mt. Vernon, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Perth Amboy, N.J.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Port Chester, N.Y.  
F. F. Proctor's Theatre, ..... Schenectady, N.Y.  
F. F. PROCTOR'S BIG STOCK COMPANY.

Also Affiliated with One Hundred other Theatres in the U. S. and Canada.

### THE SKILL AND GENIUS OF DEAF PEOPLE OF LIMITED EDUCATION

There are many instances on record where deaf-mutes of comparatively limited education have shown both skill and genius along special lines.

In Scotland, until a few years ago, there lived an educated deaf-mute who could make miniature reproductions of any elaborate public building with cork. We believe he modeled the famous Holyrood Castle in that cheap, light and enduring bark, that was most faithful in every detail.

Here in New York there is a deaf-mute whose skill as a gold worker is unexcelled by any artist in his line. He is William Lippens, and although a man of intelligence, his scholastic accomplishments are quite of an ordinary character. He it was who hammered from a silver dollar a complete and accurate resemblance of President Roosevelt as a Rough Rider, and presented it to the President a few years ago.

A member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League is one Abraham Solomon. So far as book learning goes, he makes no boast. In fact, he is of a very modest and retiring nature. Yet he is a man of

## NOW READY



200 Pages  
14 States  
8,500 Names  
15 illustrations  
Size, 4 x 7  
Cloth Bound

OHIO, INDIANA, KENTUCKY, ILLINOIS  
MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, IOWA,  
KANSAS, NEBRASKA, MINNE-  
SOTA, MISSOURI, TENNESSEE,  
WEST VIRGINIA AND WESTERN  
PENNSYLVANIA

Also General Information concerning the  
Sign Language and the Manual Alphabet,  
Biographical Sketches of Founders, Etc.

Single Copy, 75c.

By mail, 80c

With Im. Leather Cover, \$1.00

L. J. BACHEBERLE,

2421 Moerlein Ave., Cincinnati, O.

remarkable creative skill in the line of cabinet-making. Some years ago, he invented (and we understand patented) a gauge for measurements in carpentry that was very ingenious and effective in getting quick and accurate results. His latest achievement, which has just been patented, is a weather strip for windows. It is very simple in operation, very cheap in production, and altogether particularly effective in the object aimed at—which is to prevent drafts from penetrating the crevices between the window frame and the window sash. We believe it can be made a permanent attachment at the factory to all window sashes turned out. And once affixed it will last as long as the sash itself, being composed of metal that will neither warp, rust nor corrode. Moreover, it will not disfigure a window, being so small that a close examination is required to discover its presence. There is everything in its favor—cheapness, durability and effectiveness—and if Mr. Solomon does not make a lot of money out of it we shall be very much surprised. —*Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

### ROYAL DEAF PEOPLE

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who has been hard of hearing for a number of years has become totally deaf. It shows that deafness is heredity in that family of Orleans from which the mother of the king of Bulgaria is descended. The deceased princess Clementine of Koburg was stone deaf. Two uncles of the king, Prince de Joinville and Duke de Nemours were also hard of hearing, while his two cousins, also, have defective hearing.

Though King Leopold of Belgium has good hearing, his brother, Count Philip of Flanders, whose mother was a sister of Princess Clementine of Orleans, had inherited defective hearing. The count, who died five years ago, and who was the father of the present king, lived in a palace in Brussels, the dining-room of which was on the first floor. After dinner the count and his wife, a princess of Hohenzollern, were in the habit of discussing court affairs. As all were deaf, the Count of Flanders spoke in a loud and sonorous voice while the countess was obliged to speak equally loud to the count. When the windows of the palace were open passers-by could often catch the conversation and thus many political and court secrets became public.—*Ex.*

## ARGO GASLIGHT PAPER

makes best photographic prints.

Great latitude, depth, softness and richness. These characteristics belong to ARGO. It reproduces every bit of detail there is in the negative; it is brilliant in high lights, half tones and shadows.

Send for "Tipster" — full of photographic information — free.

**DEFENDER PHOTO SUPPLY  
COMPANY.**

Argo Park, Rochester, N. Y.

New York Office: 13 West 29th Street.

## INVESTMENT BONDS

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,

54 CATHEDRAL PARKWAY,

NEW YORK CITY.

[CORRESPONDENT

OF

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.,

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

ASK FOR IT!



Circulates Everywhere all the Time,  
FIFTY CENTS YEARLY

Postage Stamps Receivable for all Remittances  
Of interest to ALL the Deaf and General Public  
Address the Publisher, JOHN F. O'BRIEN,  
515-17 W. 160th St., NEW YORK CITY.

## GEO. C. TILYOUS'S Steeplechase Park

"A Monument to Innocent Pleasure"  
CONEY ISLAND, N. Y. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



## The British Deaf Times

An illustrated monthly magazine--newspaper for the Deaf. Edited by Joseph Hepworth.

**LEADING ORGAN OF THE DEAF OF THE UNITED KINGDOM**

Edited and controlled by the Deaf

**Independent, Interesting, Outspoken, and Honestly Impartial**

Twenty-four pages monthly

Annual subscription—single copies (prepaid) 30 cents. Those who prefer to send a dollar bill will be credited with twenty months' subscription. Send a picture post-card for specimen copy.

**The British Deaf Times,**

25 Windsor Place, Cardiff, England

THE STORE WITH A SUCCESSFUL PAST, AND A MOST PROMISING FUTURE.

The first and foremost principles of this store, are to ever gain and keep, the confidence of the public, and we have done it. And the proof of this assertion is apparent in the store of to-day.

How this business has grown. What's been responsible?

Confidence, the unquestionable confidence that the public ever has, in our business methods.

S. P. DUNHAM & Co.,  
Dry goods & Housefurnishings,  
TRENTON, N. J.

## F. S. Katzenbach & Co.,

35 East State Street,  
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

Hardware

Heaters

Ranges

Mantels

Grates

Tile Heaters

and

Facings

**Plumbers**

**Steam and Gas Fitters  
Steam and Hot Water  
Heating**

**Electrical Supplies**

**Bicycles**

**Bicycle Supplies**

## IRON STEAMBOAT COMPANY FISHING BANKS STEAMER "TAURUS"

OF IRON STEAMBOAT CO.'S FLEET

DAILY excepting Mondays of April, May, Nov. and December from Pier 1, N. R., 8:20 A.M.

EXTRA LANDING—Leave 129 St. N. R. from May 25th to Sept. 8th, 7:20 A.M.

Gentlemen, 75c.; Ladies, 50c.; Children, 25c. each.

## The TRENT

Go to Trenton's Home of Vaudeville for a pleasant afternoon or night's entertainment

## NEW BIOGRAPH PICTURES

Every Week.

Always the best show in town

Prices:

Matinees . . . 10, 15 and 25 cents

Nights . . . 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents



**In a Hurry  
to Paint**



Are all those who appreciate the value of paint as a protection against elements. The paints you get from us will be the genuine article, and the color of our prices match our paints.

A fresh coat of paint put in the right place bids defiance to Time our homes to deface. I sing thy praises, Paint, who savest from decay, and holds Old Time's destroying hand, and sayest to him nay. For best Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c., call on.

**E. F. Hooper & Co.,**

8 S. Warren St.

Only exclusive Paint House in the city.

## COLLEGE CLOTHES That Are Different

The different young man wants to be different in his dress. College Brand Clothes are different—very different. They are cut in college style—with all the little differences which confer **DISTINCTIVENESS** and **INDIVIDUALITY**. Highest grade of ready to wear clothes ever produced.

**College Brand Suits  
and Overcoats  
\$15 to \$35**

**Other Makes From \$10 up  
Raincoats \$5 to \$30**

Snappy College Furnishings, Neglige Shirts, French Flannel Shirts, Dress Suits, Underwear, Neckwear, Silk and Lisle Hosiery, Pajamas, Gloves for every occasion. Hats, Caps, Shoes, Oil Clothing, Suit Cases, Trunks, Umbrellas.

THE HOME OF  
**GUNSON College Brand  
Clothes**

117-119 East State Street  
TRENTON, N. J.

## THE NEW JERSEY State Normal and Model Schools

TRENTON, N. J.

### The Normal School

Is a professional School, devoted to the preparation of teachers for the Public Schools of New Jersey.

Its course involves a thorough knowledge of subject matter, the faculties of mind and how so to present that matter as to conform to the law of mental development.

### The Model School

It is a thorough Academic Training School preparatory to college, business or drawing-room.

The schools are well provided with apparatus for all kinds of work, laboratories, manual training room, gymnasium, etc.

The cost per year for boarders, including board, washing, tuition, books, etc., is from \$154 to \$160 for those intending to teach and \$200 for others.

The cost for day pupils is four dollars a year for cost of books for those intending to teach, and from \$26 to \$58 per year, according to grade, for those in the Model.

The Boarding Halls are lighted by gas, heated by steam, well ventilated, provided with baths and the modern conveniences. The sleeping rooms nicely furnished and are very cosy.

For further particulars apply to the Principal.

J. M. GREEN.

# The New Jersey State School for the Deaf.

COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION  
CALVIN N. KENDALL

## STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER  
JOHN P. MURRAY  
JOS. S. FRELINGHUYSEN  
MELVIN A. RICE

D. STEWAT CRAVEN  
ROBERT A. SIBBOLD  
EDMUND B. OSBORNE  
JOHN C. VAN DYKE

### Officers of The Board

WM. G. SCHAUFFLER.....President  
J. BROGNARD BETTS.....Secretary  
EDWD I. EDWARDS.....Treasurer

### TERMS OF ADMISSION

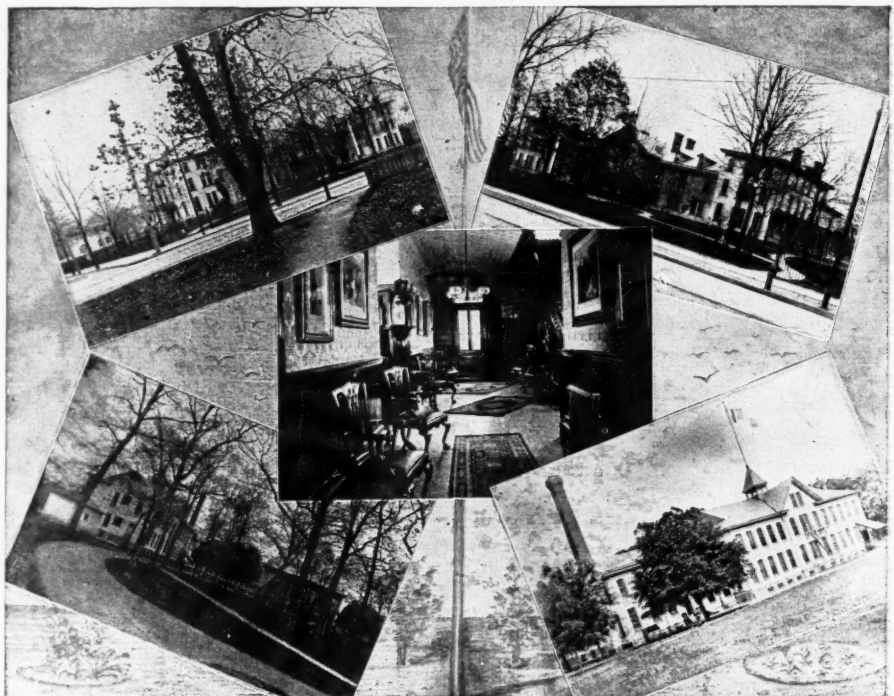
THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions:  
The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than six nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of applications and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address:

John P. Walker, M.A.,

TRENTON, N. J. Superintendent.

### OFFICERS

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A. .... Superintendent  
WM. G. NEWCOMB..... Store-keeper  
EDNA E. CRAFT..... Secretary  
EMILY B. BURK..... Book-keeper  
B. HOWARD SHARP..... Supervisor of Boys  
MISS ANNA M. FITZPARTICK..... Assistant Supervisor  
MATHILDE E. CORNELIUS..... Supervisor of Girls  
CATHERINE H. CUBBERLEY..... Nurse  
ELMER BARWIS, M.D. .... Attending Physician  
MILES D. WAGNER, D.D.S. .... Dentist  
BURR W. MACFARLAND, M.D. .... Oculist  
CHARLES McLAUGHLIN..... Engineer



## Teachers of the New Jersey School for the Deaf

### Academic Department

B. HOWARD SHARP  
MISS HELEN CH. VAIL  
MISS MARY D. TILSON  
MISS MARY R. WOOD  
MISS ELIZABETH HALL  
MISS LILLIAN A. BRIAN  
MISS LILLIAN B. GRATTON  
MISS MARJORIE G. BOUSFIELD  
MISS LILA WOOD  
MISS CLAUDIA WILLIAMS  
MISS JULIA A. COREY

### Industrial Department

GEORGE S. PORTER.....Printing and Engraving  
MRS. FRANCES H. PORTER ..... { Kindergartens  
and Drawing  
J. L. JOHNSON..... Wood-working  
CHAS. THROCKMORTON..... Shoemaking  
MISS BERTHA BILBEE..... Dress-making  
MISS KATHRYN WHELAN..... Dress-making  
MISS MIRIAM M. STEVENSON..... { Millinery and  
Embroidery  
EDWIN MARKLEY..... Physical Director

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

## Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

**PACH BROS.**  
**Photographers**  
935 BROADWAY, N. Y.

### A GOOD OIL HEATER THAT WORKS PERFECTLY

Is the famous Miller heater. No smoke. No odors, and no danger in using.

Price \$4.25 and \$5.00

Other good heaters at less prices, but we can't say so many good things about them. Come and see them

KAUFMAN'S

123 & 125 So. Broad St.  
35 Lafayette St.

## THE CROSSLEY MACHINE COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

MANUFACTURERS OF

Pottery, Tile, Electrical, Porcelain  
and Clay Washing Machinery.

Machinery for Filtering,  
Grinding, Mixing and  
Forming Clay.

Trenton

New Jersey

DO YOU KNOW

## HOTTEL

Sells the best \$1.50 and \$2.00 Derby in the city, also a full line of fine Hats, College Caps, &c.

33 EAST STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.

NEW JERSEY

## History & Genealogy

a SPECIALTY

TRAVER'S BOOK STORE,

108 S. BROAD ST

School and Office Stationery  
ENGRAVING & DIE STAMPING

## Fine Stationery

For

## Graduating Gifts

We are agents for the

Shaw-Walker Sectional Filing Systems

## The Capital Stationery

STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS

15 N. Warren Street

Trenton N. J.

**Martin C. Ribsam**  
Flowers, Seeds and Poultry  
Supplies,  
Broad and Front Sts.,  
Phone 210 TRENTON, N. J.

**Ashmore and Blackwell,**  
Dealer in  
Fish, Game and Oysters  
35 East Front St., Washington Market,  
TRENTON, N. J.

## STOLL'S

SCHOOL SUPPLIES,  
SPORTING GOODS & GAMES  
OUTDOOR SPORTS  
AND AMUSEMENTS.

30 East State St., Trenton N. J.

## Samuel Heath Company LUMBER

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
BUILDING MATERIALS  
Either Phone 1628 TRENTON, N. J.

Go to  
**WM. J. CONVERY & SON**  
129 North Broad St.,  
and see the largest line of Furniture and  
Carpet in this city.